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Long Jim, the Scout; Or, The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

"BUT WHEN HE CAME TO KNEEL ON THE EARTH AND POINT HIS RIFLE TOWARD THE HIDEOUS OBJECT, HIS NERVES WERE AS IRON."

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

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CHAPTER XII.

A SURPRISE—LEAVING THE ISLAND—A NARROW ESCAPE—THE CAMP-FIRE.

HAVING drawn her pistol, Ines Melville awaited the approach of the Indian whom she heard behind her, ready to fire the very instant he showed himself.

"I hope you will spare me," said a voice, which she recognized at once as belonging to her lover.

"I thought you were another of those Apaches," she exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, as she lowered the weapon. "You ought to be careful about approaching me in that way, for I was on the point of firing at you when you spoke."

"It isn't the first time you have been on the point of firing," said Dick, with a laugh, "and I wish you had not hesitated so much as you did a few minutes ago."

"Where were you?" she asked.

"I followed an imaginary foe to the lower end of the island, as bad luck would have it, at the very time your visitor made his call; when I came back it was just as you were trying to bring him to a stand, and he wouldn't be brought. I tried to help you, but I couldn't get all the points, and so he slipped away between us. I am afraid, Ines, that you have been indulgent to that imp."

"This warrior asked me in so many words not to fire, and I did not; but as he did not act in good faith afterward I tried to force him to terms, and failed."

The girl then told her strange story.

"I have made up my mind," said he, at its conclusion, "that it won't do for us to stay here any longer. The Apaches know all about us, and we are in the worst situation we could place ourselves."

"How is that?"

"Suppose they choose to make an attack upon us, don't you see that we cannot defend ourselves, but that we are cut off from flight, the last, and indeed the only resort?"

"If it is best that we should go, then it is best that it should be done at once—I am ready."

This was precisely what Dick Harrod thought, for he had felt uneasy from the moment that he found Ines was on the island with him, and now that they were of one mind, the plan was carried out.

The noble mustang was still where he was left, and as ready as ever for a severe run over the prairie.

"You have a harder task before you," said Ines, addressing the steed as they were ready to mount him; "heretofore you have carried your master alone, but now you must do double work."

"He will never know the difference," replied Dick, as he assisted the girl to her seat on the animal.

As soon as the two were mounted, he was directed to the stream, which he entered with the cautious step of an animal in dread of dropping into some hole of unfathomable depth.

There was some danger of submergence to the riders, but the young hunter was hopeful that the river was as shallow on one side the island as the other, in which case they were in no danger of wetting.

They noticed that the current was quite swift, and the depth was found to be greater, but not enough so to cause them any annoyance, and the mustang persevered, to the great relief of the two lovers, he landed them high and dry on the main shore.

Dick was more hopeful now than he had been for several hours past, for the horse was in a place where he could do something for them.

On the prairie there was a chance to turn his great speed to some account, as he had never failed to do when the opportunity came along.

Dick was convinced that there was no horse in the country which could overtake him, and although he was obliged to carry additional weight, yet Ines was a petite girl, whose avoirdupois was of small account to such a magnificent steed as he.

Now that they were on the mainland, they reined up for a minute or two, that they might decide which was the best course to take in continuing their flight.

They were not through their speculations when the sagacious mustang threw up his head and pricked his ears in the way he had whenever anything suspicious was approaching.

His nose was pointed down-stream, showing that whatever it might be, it was coming from that direction.

Dick brought his rifle round to the front, so that it was at instant command, while Ines grasped her pistol with the same readiness to call it into use should it become necessary.

Their horse held still but a minute, when he gave a whinny—an unusual thing for him to do, as it was not the way to conceal his presence from a foe.

But the instant he did so it was responded to by a similar signal from the steed, whose outlines were seen through the gloom in the succeeding minute.

"Here is a visitor, sure enough," whispered Dick, facing about so as to command his approach.

The horse was now in plain view, and as he came still closer, without the least hesitation in his manner, they saw that he had no rider.

And that was no more than fairly noted when Ines recognized the mustang as her own, that had been stolen from the island.

The saddle and trappings were there, exactly as when she last saw them, and her property was turned over intact.

"That is a godsend indeed," said she, patting the head of her animal as he came up. "Now we are in a situation to do something for ourselves, for my horse is very nearly, if not fully, as fleet as yours."

It required but a minute or two for Ines to transfer herself from the back of one of the mustangs to another, when she looked across to her lover and asked:

"Lead the way and I will follow."

"Let us consider the matter a minute," he answered, peering around in the gloom as best he could. "We don't want to commit a blunder here at the beginning, for it will cost us the more."

The moonlight was strong enough to show them the hills on the right, rising almost to the dignity of mountains, while the undulating prairie on the left continued until lost in the gloom of the night, while looking directly ahead was the same world of darkness into which they were about to enter, as travelers do when they descend into the mouth of the Mammoth Cave.

By this time several transactions were quite clear to Dick Harrod.

He saw that the Apache with whom Ines had the meeting on the island was the same one, beyond question, that they had befriended, and had afterward stolen her horse and taken him to the mainland.

Dick was sure that this imp left some slight gratitude to Ines for her kindness to him, but it was only toward her. All the rest of the party he would delight to scalp or burn at the stake.

The young hunter was of the opinion that the brave meant to take Ines a prisoner, securing her against death or insult afterward.

Some of his actions preliminary to this step were rather peculiar, but they all pointed that way.

For the sake of Ines alone he had permitted her escort to accompany her ashore, and had then turned her horse loose for her to use in the flight upon which they had entered.

Harrod was glad enough, on account of his companion, that she had secured her steed again, but he could not feel much gratitude to the Apache therefor, knowing as he did that the redskin was one of the most fiendish wretches belonging to a tribe noted for its deeds of cruelty and treachery.

He was as resolved as ever to bore the life of the redskin through the very first time he could gain the chance to draw a bead on him.

But now the question was as to the right course to take to place the dangerous section behind them.

Dick resented this peculiar action of the Apache, by which his beneficiary was made to feel that she was existing by his sufferance alone, and without any help of her own.

When the redskin chose, he took away her horse, and when he was ready he returned it. When he felt like drawing or loosing the cords he carried out his wishes as though he was dealing with children, powerless to help themselves.

It seemed to Dick—and in this Ines agreed with him—that as the trail which they had been following most of the day was quite direct, that it probably continued in the same general course after crossing the stream, and he decided to ride straight ahead, trusting to the instinct of the mustangs to keep them right.

As near as they could judge, it was not far from midnight when this start was made, and as they had not eaten since noon, they were in a condition to appreciate a good meal, of which there seemed no possibility of obtaining a mouthful before the morrow.

The two rode side by side, talking in low tones, for the action of the single Apache, not to mention the others, was of that character that it forbade them to believe they were beyond all danger from pursuit.

Dick was somewhat surprised at the total disappearance of the rest of the warriors from the stage. When he was so sorely pressed by the redskins there were something like a half-dozen of them, while since the flight to the island the whole campaign on their part appeared to be conducted by a single lodge.

The occasion was so solemn that the lovers were drawn into closer communion than before, and their thoughts were free from the usual light jesting strain which is to be expected on such occasions.

The principal subject between them was that they ought to reach Melville Ranch by two or three days' hard riding, provided always that they pursued the right direction.

There was some glimmering of hope that if Colonel Melville could be found in the ranch, he might be able to send a force to the rescue of Flora and McCormick, who had fallen into the hands of the Indians, but there was no other possible method of their escape that suggested itself.

Even that slight possibility was entirely with Ines, who knew less of the ways of the savages of the plains than did her companion. Dick did not believe there was a possibility of their being saved, though he did not express that belief to Ines herself.

They had made something like a mile in this manner when speculation was set on foot by the sight of a camp-fire on their left, and apparently less than a half-mile off.

Of course it was scrutinized as carefully as possible with the aid of the glasses, but nothing more could be discovered.

Neither Dick nor Ines could detect any moving figure near it; this, however, was no proof that none were there, since such old veterans of the warpath knew better than to expose themselves to the bullets of any stray enemies at a time like the present.

"They may be the party that have taken Flora and Will away," said Ines, after surveying the light for a time; "and, if so, is there no means by which we can help them?"

The same suspicion entered my mind; but I cannot believe, if it is true, we can lend them a helping hand. But I am ready to try, if Providence will show the way."

Their horses resumed their walk, moving along as silently as if they fully comprehended the delicate nature of the business they were engaged upon.

Another reasonable theory was that the fire had been started close to the trail that the lovers had been following, as they believed, ever since crossing the stream, so that if they kept on they were likely to pass close to it.

There was something in the fact of such a fire being in full view that Dick did not fully understand.

His first supposition, that it was meant to be used as a signal by the Apaches, was not confirmed by what followed.

There was no other in sight, so far as they could ascertain, nor were any of these brands taken from them stolen and used as torches to be whirled in the air for other eyes.

Dick did not feel easy about taking Ines too close to this dangerous locality, and when they were a couple of hundred yards or he drew up and proposed that she should stay where she was while he went closer to reconnoiter.

"I will ride up as near as is safe, and it will take me but a few minutes to learn all that is to be learned, and if you are here, I will know precisely where to find you."

"But if we both go together, we shall be more likely to learn the whole truth than if we are separated."

"I think it more prudent that you should stay here, mounted and ready to fly at a moment's warning."

"Very well; go on, I will await you."

Dick bade her good-by, and started his horse directly for the camp-fire, which was now so close that he felt the need of the most extreme caution.

Unexpectedly to the young hunter, he found the ground more even than heretofore, so that it was traversed by his horse without any difficulty at all.

Harrod kept advancing in his cautious way until he was within less than a hundred yards, when he began to think that it would not do to go any closer without dismounting, so as to creep up.

He was on the point of checking his mustang when he suddenly came to a halt himself.

His rider knew enough of the remarkable instinct of the animal not to interfere with him at such a time, and he sat still, wondering what the cause of the cessation of motion could be.

The steed did not stir a limb, and in the gloom, which was quite great, owing to the clouds still obscuring the face of the moon, Dick noted that the animal pricked his ears, as if he suspected the coming of some one or something, without being sure of it.

At the same minute, the rider caught the faint sound of a horse's hoof on the ground in front of him.

The instant he heard this he heard also several others clamping softly upon the grass in a way that showed the animals were moving along at a walk.

These signs told him that he was in the immediate vicinity of a party of Indian horsemen that were passing by.

It was perilous in the highest degree to do nothing or anything.

As the least of two evils he chose the former, and while his mustang remained as motionless as if he were a bronze statue, his rider was none the less so.

All that the young hunter dared do was to lean forward in his attempt to pierce the gloom, and obtain the most shadowy outlines of the animals so near him.

Once or twice he thought he could catch the form of a mustang moving along with his phantom rider like the figure in a dream, but it may have been only the fancy of a highly excited imagination.

Actuated by his dread, Dick glanced up at the moon, as though a change of direction would strengthen his vision, as is sometimes the case when the eyes have been strained by peering too long at a single point.

As he did so his heart almost stopped beating, for he saw that in a few seconds more the moon would break forth from behind the ragged cloud which was slowly gliding across its face.

As soon as that should take place all these Apaches would be exposed to full view, and he in turn would be in plain sight of them.

What should he do, or should he do anything at all?

The course of the Indians was diagonal to the one which he was following, when he checked himself, the fear that they were moving toward the waiting Ines having been removed by this discovery.

If the moon should remain obscured for a few second all these warriors would be by him, and in such a position that they would not see the stranger unless they should happen to turn their heads, or one of their mustangs should apprise them of the proximity of another horseman.

The great fear of Dick was of the latter occurrence, since the steeds of the Apaches are noted for their watchfulness in this respect, and not frequently give notice of the approach of danger when their vigilant masters are at fault.

These thoughts were scarcely entertained when Harrod perceived that the prairie was becoming lighter.

Another glance at the moon showed its silver edge coming to sight from behind the clouds.

The light steadily increased, and in five seconds more its full power streamed down upon the earth below.

Still the young hunter did not move, nor did his mustang relax his rigid position.

A hurried look in the direction whence came the sounds showed four Indian horsemen riding across the prairie.

Their position was such that they had passed the point opposite where he was, and the greater portion of their backs was turned toward him, with the prospect becoming more favorable each moment.

He grasped his gun, determined, if discovered, to give them a shot, and then to wheel and dash away at headlong speed.

Even with the moonlight the figures were indistinct, and all that was needed was for them to continue this course for a short time longer, when the peril would be over.

Strange that the mustang of Dick should detect the presence of his brothers while they remained unaware of his proximity.

Yet such was the fact, and within the next three minutes the procession of Apaches had moved by and vanished in the gloom beyond.

Dick drew a long breath of relief, for his escape from a collision with them was about as narrow as could well be.

Now that he was left alone again, and was relieved of his fear that they would disturb Ines, he determined to proceed and complete his reconnoissance of the camp.

The fire was still burning brightly, as though the Apaches, in going away, had left others to look after it.

Dick rode only a few yards nearer, when he dismounted, and proceeded to examine the vicinity on foot.

His belief was that the warriors whom he had just seen were not members of the party which had pressed them so hardly at the river. More likely they were a body of hunters on their way to some point, and as yet knew nothing of what had taken place at the island and on the other shore.

Finding himself on his feet, where he was free to depend on his own cautious movement, Dick approached the fire with the circumspection of an Indian scout.

The result was an agreeable disappointment.

There was not a single Indian there.

It looked as if the four horsemen mentioned had built their camp early in the evening, and had then taken their departure at an early hour, apparently drawn away by some business of great importance to themselves.

There were signs that the savages had taken supper here, and there was an abundance of grass and water, the latter being in the form of a small stream, which was a tributary to the one left by the fugitives but a short time before.

As soon as he was assured that no enemies were here, Dick went up to the fire, in the hope of finding enough fragments of the feast to afford a meal for himself and Ines.

In this he succeeded, much to his own delight, for he knew that the brave girl was in need of nourishment as well as himself.

He saw that the Apaches had enjoyed a supper upon buffalo-meat, which, as is generally the case, was so abundantly supplied that there was enough remaining to make a good meal for as many more.

Dick ate all that he needed, and then gathered the choicest and cleanest portions remaining, with which he started back to rejoin his companion, who were doubtless becoming anxious over his prolonged absence.

As he moved away from the Apache camp-fire, he noticed that it was growing light in the eastern horizon.

The night was gone, with its terrors, and day was close at hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNSEEN DANGER.

THE horizon lightened rapidly, and by the time Dick Harrod reached the place where he had separated from Ines, day was fairly upon them, and the rays of the morning sun were shooting up toward the zenith.

The brave girl was there, just where he told her to stay, and she was glad enough to greet her lover as he returned.

She had seen nothing of the four Apaches that passed so close to him, and as may be supposed, was surprised to learn of his narrow escape.

But they were becoming so accustomed to this life of peril that such occurrences failed to create one-half the emotion that they would have caused at an earlier stage in the journey.

Ines believed that if they were to be expected almost at every turn, and Providence, that had favored them so wonderfully in the past, would not desert them when they stood in such need of his protecting care.

The cooked buffalo-meat was welcome to the girl, whose tough outdoor life had given her the most rugged of appetites, and despite the frightful scenes through which they had passed she was able to dispose of all that was furnished her, while Dick, with a commendable foresight, had brought some more with him to provide against future contingencies.

Now that the wants in this respect were supplied, the two felt the need of sleep, of which they had not enjoyed any for more than twenty-four hours.

"Those hills on the left are wooded," said Dick, as their horses resumed their walk, "and there are likely to be places among them where we will be secure against discovery from the Indians. You are weary and must secure slumber, in order to meet what is before you; I am scarcely less tired, so let us try and hunt some place where we can feel safe from molestation for a few hours."

"The air is cool and bracing, the sky is clear, and there is no telling how long it will remain so. I think we ought to improve our time while we can, and cover as much ground as possible."

But Dick protested. Unless the laws of health were regarded, they would find themselves succumbing at the most critical moment.

Ines yielded the point, and they turned off from the open country through which they had been making their way for the entire night, as it may be said, and pushed for the cover of the hills, which continued as far away as the eye could reach, appearing to expand into mountains as the distance increased.

Before hiding themselves in this cover, both the fugitives examined the horizon behind them with the view of making sure they were not watched by any of their enemies, who possessed the faculty of turning up at the wrong moment.

None were seen, and they disappeared for the time from the sight of the outer world.

"I don't know what has become of that Apache who followed me so close," said Ines; "there seemed to be no way of getting beyond his sight, and he may take it into his head to follow us here."

"It is scarcely likely; there is no redskin, so far as we know, in sight, and there are so many footprints of horses' feet on the prairie that the sharpest Indian will not be able to identify them, for they are too similar."

"I hope you are right," said Ines, in a voice which showed that she could scarcely believe that such was the fact.

They had little, if any, difficulty in finding the very place which they needed for the purpose of rest.

The woods were dense, and the hills, unexpectedly to Dick, were found to contain several streams of water, as clear and pure as any they had ever tasted.

It would not do for both to be unconscious at the same time, and Dick prepared a sort of couch for Ines, making her an easy-chair of boughs, which were as comfortable to her in her weariness as could have been a bed of down.

Placing herself upon these, with her shawl gathered about her, Ines leaned her head back against a small tree behind her, and she had scarcely done so when she sank into a deep and refreshing slumber, while her lover played the part of sentinel over the unconscious form of the dearest one on earth.

Making sure that the situation was as comfortable as it could be, Dick Harrod went to work to pass the few hours of her slumber so as to prevent his going to sleep at the same time.

As they were upon elevated ground, it struck him that he ought to improve the occasion to gain as much knowledge of the country as he could.

There were much higher elevations but a short distance beyond where he had taken refuge, but these could be used only by leaving Ines where she was asleep; and that he was resolved that nothing should induce him to do.

As a sort of compromise, he climbed the highest tree which stood near by, and from the top of this he found his view was much greater than he had expected to find it.

To the northeast the hills and mountains cut off the field of vision, but as he gazed in the other directions he saw a splendid and impressive panorama, such as had not greeted his vision since starting upon this expedition.

Under the power of his glass the prairies were followed, as they stretched away for mile after mile toward the setting sun.

He could distinguish the glitter of water, showing that the country was a well-watered one for that portion of Texas.

Here and there the plain rose to a higher level than usual, but the mountainous region was confined entirely, so far as he could discover, to the country which led along the left.

At this time of year the ground was covered with vegetation, and in many places the blossoming flowers gave it the appearance of some wonderful garden of the Orient.

The scenery was of the most inviting character, and but for the savages that lurked like so many rattlesnakes amid these lovely scenes, a journey through this portion of the world would be of the most enjoyable nature.

Dick was still wandering over the prairie with his eye, searching and not expecting to discover anything in particular, when the telescope showed him a number of moving figures on a sort of ridge, almost due west from where he was perched.

The air was clear, and although the distance was great, yet his glass, when pointed directly at the spot, disclosed a scene of the deepest interest to the spectator.

Dick was able to make out precisely eight horsemen, of whom only six, or at most seven, were Indians.

Beyond question, there were two captives!

This convinced the young hunter that he was looking upon the form of Will McCormick and Flora Chandler—in all probability for the last time.

The right could not but agitate the young man, who would have done anything in his power that promised to help his friends.

More than once he was on the point of rushing off to where Inez was slumbering, and rousing her up, to propose that they should start in pursuit of the Apaches, relying upon some chance of striking a blow in behalf of their friends.

But the thought was scarcely formed when he saw the absurdity of it, and he gave it up.

No, it was clearly out of his power to do anything at all for them.

The result of a pursuit would most probably be to secure their own capture.

It was beyond all probability that the Apaches, after securing their prisoners, would allow a man and woman to walk up and take them out of their possession.

Dick therefore conquered his excitement and anxiety as much as he could, and kept his gaze fixed upon them as long as the glass gave him any view of all of their movements.

Several times the intervening elevation, as they descended some slope, shut them out from sight for a time, but they speedily reappeared, though further removed.

This continued, while the figures of the horsemen and their captives gradually grew dimmer and fainter in the distance, until at last they were nothing but moving specs in the horizon itself.

And finally these flickered and went out altogether.

Dick Harrod lowered his glass with a sigh of profound grief.

"I have a strong presentiment that I have looked upon them for the last time; I may be mistaken, but there is every reason to believe I am not."

When Dick came to look at his watch he was astonished to see that he had been in the tree more than two hours.

The Indians moved slowly, and indeed more than once he was sure there was something the matter with one of their horses, which caused the company to come to a dead halt.

But they were gone now, and he made up his mind to say nothing to Inez of what he had seen, as it could only cause her anguish.

She shunned all discussion upon the fate of her friends, excepting when it was brought up by her lover, and she seemed to have made up her mind to be resigned to their loss.

Descending from his perch in the tree, after making another survey of the prairie without detecting anything more, Dick Harrod moved back to where he had left Inez, with no intention of awaking her until she had gained all the rest she could need.

When he came in sight he saw that she was still unconscious, with her head drooping in a slumber as sweet as that of the infant on its mother's breast.

"She told me under no circumstances to allow her to sleep longer than two hours, and she has been at the new for all of three, and if she keeps it up for as many more, I shall not disturb her, for she has earned all of that, and more, too——"

Such were his communings as he drew near, walking with a stealthy footstep, as though he was venturing upon sacred ground. He was quite close, when his thoughts were suddenly broken in upon by the sight of something moving in the leaves at the feet of the unconscious maiden.

Dick suspected its nature, and paused at once, for he felt that the girl was in terrible danger.

While she lay asleep, an immense rattlesnake had glided from its hiding-place, and was now within striking distance of her.

The loathsome reptile acted as if debating with itself whether there was any call for it to strike its deadly blow, inasmuch as the girl (but for the pearly tint that was in each cheek) could have been mistaken very easily for dead by any observer.

The serpent was not in coil, but stretched out, and actually gliding around the sleeping beauty, as if he were reconnoitering and seeking to learn what he ought to do.

The glimpse which Dick caught of him was enough to show that he was of enormous size, being certainly over six feet in length.

One lightning-like blow from this dreadful reptile, and Inez could live scarcely long enough to bid her lover farewell!

The situation could scarcely be more horrible than was that of the unconscious maiden, so near to the most frightful of deaths!

Dick reflected that if she should awake, or give the least evidence of life, that instant the reptile would bury its fangs in her person.

Inez had slept already so long that there was the most imminent danger of this very thing occurring.

Furthermore, the snake, with its rattle slightly agitated, suddenly gathered itself in coil, as if he had wearied with his doubt and trifling, and he was determined to end the business at once.

Dick was fearful, too, that if he should attempt to kill the reptile it would turn and strike the maiden.

But every minute that he remained idle the danger increased, with what might be considered certainty that the suspense could last but a few minutes more, at the most.

In the hope that he might draw the attention of the reptile away from Inez and to himself, he made a hissing sound, his intention being to imitate the sibilant noise of some other snake, in which, if he could succeed, he was sure to draw it away.

It must have been that Dick was not skilled at this sort of business, for several attempts failed to attract the least notice from the reptile, coiled so near that a portion of his hideously-beautiful body was touching the folds of the girl's dress.

There seemed to be only one thing that could be done, and that must be done without delay.

It required a cool head and steady nerve, and Dick was all a tremble at sight of the dreadful death which impended over Inez Melville, like the sword of Damocles.

But when he came to kneel on the earth and point his rifle toward the hideous object, his nerves were as iron.

This was all that was needed, and as he pulled the trigger, the flat, arrow-like head was shattered to fragments, and nothing but a bloody stump remained.

In fact, the rattlesnake was decapitated so suddenly and neatly that it looked as if he really did not miss his head for a second or two.

There was no motion of the body, other than the natural quivering which had characterized it at first; and then the racket commenced.

For a minute the body of the reptile shot over and over like some hoop going with bewildering velocity, thrashing the leaves and debris into a cloud, while Dick retreated to avoid being caught in the looth and blinded.

As good fortune would have it, Inez was saved from the ghastly embrace, which would have shocked her as much as a blow from the fangs themselves.

This thrashing, whirling motion continued for several moments, when the aimless body took a sudden start and shot out among the undergrowth, where, after a few more furious struggles, it became still.

The rattlesnake was dead, and Inez Melville was saved.

And all this time, with the report of the rifle so near her, she never opened her eyes.

"I shouldn't think she would want to indulge in any more sleep for a week," muttered Dick, as he contemplated the unconscious maiden, in the same position that she was when he left her alone several hours before.

A few more minutes passed, during which the young man carefully removed all the signs of what had taken place during her slumber, and this work was about completed when Inez opened her eyes and looked about her.

She was one of those whose senses come to them on the instant, and she asked of her lover how long she had been asleep.

When he told her the truth, she chided him for violating her instructions.

But there was no help for it, and now that she was recovered for all her freshness and strength, she insisted that Dick himself should take his turn.

In sooth, he was glad enough to do this, for he was in sore need of rest.

"And I will mount guard," said she, with a laugh, never dreaming of what had taken place during her sleep, "and if any danger comes nigh you, why, I will drive it away or run away myself. Did you see anything unusual while I was asleep?"

"I observed a party of Indians a long ways off, and they soon disappeared. None came in this direction."

She did not suspect how he was evading a straightforward answer, and, as she knew he was in want of sleep, she forbore to question him further.

There was something especially pleasant in the thought that, while he slumbered, he was watched over by heaven and by the one who was dearer to him than all the rest of the world.

Dick speedily sank into slumber, and Inez, true to her promise, remained near him, not venturing to go far off, as he had done when in charge of her.

The experience of the girl was of altogether a different character from his, inasmuch as it contained naught of an exciting character.

She saw and heard nothing of Indians, nor did any more rattlesnakes appear, though it is almost always the case that where one of these reptiles is found there is another close at hand.

Inez took a drink from the little stream which ran near her, and then, after a careful look around to see where nothing could approach the sleeping youth without attracting her attention.

Dick Harrod did not sleep as long as she. He did not need it, and before two full hours had elapsed, he awoke as strong as a giant refreshed with new wine.

This necessary rest had occupied the most of the forenoon, and as it was equally advantageous to their horses, the determination was to improve the remainder of the day to the utmost.

"Sunset ought to find us a good way from here," said Inez, after they had eaten the rest of the meat that Dick brought with him.

"And it shall," he added, drawing up his horse beside hers; "I think we are on the right trail, and we can ride a good many miles between this and dark."

As they emerged from the wood, and took the prairie again in their search, Dick observed that the course of the trail changed from that of the preceding day.

Hitherto they had been going in a northwesterly direction, while now they swerved off toward the west.

Further than this, it was not long before he became assured, also, that he was traveling precisely in the tracks of the company of Apaches that carried off Will McCormick and Flora Chandler as captives.

This suggested the possibility that they might come up to them again, and there was no speculating as to what the consequences would be.

Dick was half tempted to tell Inez what he had seen while in the act of making his observations with his glass, for he was troubled as to whether it was prudent to continue this course, so long as such a formidable body of Indians was ahead of them.

After turning the matter over in his mind he concluded that they knew as fleet as any possessed by the Indians, and there was no cause for alarm.

The day remained cool and bracing, and they pressed their steeds as hard as was prudent, keeping them down to a swinging gallop, which promised to place many a mile behind them before sunset.

Whenever they struck high ground both produced their glasses and closely scanned the country before them, for they were resolved that they would not ride blindly into any danger that could be avoided by watchfulness.

It impressed Dick as a curious thing that Inez seemed to think of scarcely anything but her missing friends during the afternoon.

Not a day passed by but references and the line her thoughts took, for although she did not mention their names more than once or twice, yet it was easy to see that her mind was running in that direction.

This, we say, struck Dick as singular, and filled him with a half-superstitious belief that they were doomed to meet again.

Their steeds seemed to enjoy the sweeping pace which was kept up hour after hour, until it was certain to the young man that they must have gained a great deal upon the Apaches and captives.

"I am sure that if we keep this up till dark we shall be in sight of them," he said to himself, more than once, when he noted how fast the prairie was gliding beneath the bounding hoofs of their untiring steeds.

It was observable, too, that there was a marked change in the character of the face of the country through which they were making this memorable journey.

While it remained undulating and well wooded, the trees appeared oftener, so that their view was frequently shut off, and Dick's fear became that they would plump down upon the Apaches in easily before they could check themselves.

Inez, not knowing what her lover had discovered hours before, was not troubled by the emotions that agitated him.

Her sharp eyes, however, had seen the tracks of horses in front, and she expressed the opinion more than once that they were at no great distance from a party of Apaches.

This necessitated caution, for if the redskins should discover that they were followed by a couple of whites, they would be apt to turn upon them.

Nothing was easier than for them to plan an ambush, from which the two would be sure to walk as direct as they had ridden into the river when they wished to reach the island.

Such a contingency, it may be stated, did not take place, for when the shades of night began closing around them, and they found that the face of the country was often crossed by deep valleys and ravines, they had as yet seen nothing of the warriors whom they suspected more than once were in their immediate front.

With the coming of night, too, grew the suspicion upon Dick Harrod that for hours past they had been off the right trail!

He did not mention it to Inez until he was so well satisfied that it amounted to conviction, and then when he came to speak to her, she replied that she had not a particle of doubt that they had been going wrong for hours past.

The frightful truth was that, unaware to themselves, they were steadily drawing near Auka-Yata, the Death Valley of the Apaches!

CHAPTER XIV.

A GLOOMY JOURNEY—MYSTERIOUS FIRING—WONDERFUL NEWS.

As Dick Harrod and Inez Melville advanced into the shadowy regions the gloom of night closed in around them, and a feeling of oppressiveness settled upon each, for which neither could account.

There was the natural discouragement which followed upon the conviction that they were off the trail altogether, and that the travel of the afternoon was worse than thrown away.

When a man wakes to the knowledge that he has strayed from the right path, as a rule he has to retrace his steps, which, of itself, is the most disheartening and wearisome task he can undertake.

But there was a something more than all this which caused their hearts to lag, and make the way seem longer than any way ever seemed before when in each other's company.

They were satisfied they were wrong, and yet they did not turn back.

The feeling was that the time would be worse than lost if they should do this, and they were not without hope that the day would bring to them, in some way—and how, neither could conjecture—a short cut to the right path.

Never was it so hard for Dick to talk to Inez as now, and never did she feel such an utter oppression of spirits when with him at her side.

They were following a well-beaten track, one which they knew had been traversed but a short time before by their friends or enemies, whom they were liable to meet at any moment.

The sun had set long since, and yet their steeds kept along on the same walk, as if they, too, were sensible of the awful gloom that pervaded the place.

"Well," said Dick, feeling that this must end, "there is no use of going ahead when we know no more where we are coming out than if we had been traveling blindfolded all the afternoon."

"I have been waiting for you to give the word to stop and take counsel. It seems as if we never in all my life in such a dreadful place; it is worse than being imprisoned on the island, as we were last night."

"It is natural that we should feel oppressed when we reflect upon the fate of our friends, who were less fortunate than we have been," said Dick, trying to conceal his own despairing sensations, which had become almost unbearable.

"I don't know as they are more fortunate than we," replied Inez, scarcely able to keep back the tears.

"Tut, tut," laughed her lover, with a desperate effort; "I have been admiring your courage, which can be surpassed by that of no man, and I don't want you to show that you fear now."

"With the help of Heaven I will hold out, but something has come over me since we entered this dreadful region which I cannot conquer. I feel as if we were entering some great tomb. I hope you will not mind my saying that our horses need rest, and it is becoming so dark that they will lose the way."

"I am only waiting for some good spot where we can feel safe. I don't suppose it will do for us to go into camp along the trail, for very likely we shall be discovered by some of the Apaches before morning."

"There ought to be no trouble, for the woods are dense and there are ravines and gullies meeting us at every turn."

As she said this they found themselves at a point where the trail divided for the twentieth time, and they had the choice of turning to the right or the left.

Ever since dark, they had left their guidance to the mustangs, which proved themselves equal to the occasion, and proceeded with such a unanimity that there could be no doubt in the mind of their riders that they were on the trail—even though it was the wrong one.

With one accord the two animals started to turn to the left, which was accepted as proof that the path led in that direction, and their masters had only to turn the rein of bridle to the same.

This was done at once, and the way became so broken that there could be no doubt that they were proceeding over land which had never been traversed before.

"There can be no danger of our being disturbed here," said Dick, as their animals struggled forward, sometimes narrowly escaping falling to the ground.

Still they toiled along, obedient as they always were, and ready to work until they dropped in their tracks.

When this had continued for a distance of a hundred yards or more, they reached a point beyond which it was useless for their animals to attempt to go.

"Surely no Indian can follow us here, unless he has the daylight to guide him," said Dick, as their steeds came to a halt. "We may as well make our stay here for the night."

"Anywhere—it makes no difference to me," said Inez, as she sprang from the saddle to the ground.

"Keep up good spirits, dearest, and I shall soon have a fire burning, and all will look more cheerful than it does now in the gloom."

Truly, as Inez had remarked, there could be nothing more gloomy and oppressive than the feeling which had borne them down for the last hour or so, and she was glad of that which promised a change, even though, in the nature of events, the relief was small.

There was an abundance of wood about them, and it took Dick but a short time to gather enough to start a good fire; and as most of it was in a dry and combustible condition, the blaze was soon going.

As the flames ascended, and the gloom was chased away from their immediate vicinity, there was some corresponding lightening of the spirits of the two, but it was not such as should have been under ordinary circumstances.

Could it be that the fact that they were close to that dread region known as Auka-Yata, the Death Valley, threw its baleful shadow over them?

Neither of the lovers held any suspicion that they were in the vicinity of such an awful region, and yet there was that strange bearing down of the spirits which cannot be accounted for in any other way. Thus it is sometimes in this life that the fateful pull of an unsecured place seems to carry a strange, subtle influence, which defies the known laws of physics and science.

But close as they were to the Death Valley, fortunately for them, they had stopped before really entering it.

Had they known, or even suspected, their situation, they would have turned with one accord, and never paused until they had placed many a mile between them and the terrible boundaries.

Dick Harrod felt it his duty to do what he could to lighten the gloom which bore upon his companion so heavily that he saw that it was only by the greatest effort she prevented herself from breaking down into an hysterical fit of weeping.

She had shown her great bravery already, and she strove like the heroine she was to hide her sadness, and, thanks to her indomitable will and the assistance of her friend, she succeeded at last in conquering it, and her words assumed a more hopeful tone than they had borne since the shadows of night began closing around them.

Her lover strove to convince her that though in all probability they were off the right course, yet they were not so far away from it, inasmuch as they had been traveling during most of the afternoon in very nearly the right direction.

"It cannot be more than a few miles, at the most," said he, "and when we have the sunlight to assist us, it will not take many hours to bring us back again."

"That is true, if we only could tell what course we ought to take, but we have no means to find out."

"We will catch some stray Apache and make him show us," replied Dick, with another desperate attempt to be facetious. "There is one of those redskins who has shown a disposition to help you, and I have an idea that he will turn up when he is wanted and show you how to get back to the right path."

"The trouble with him and the rest of them is that they turn up when they are not wanted, and I cannot see how he is going to help us, when we have gone so far astray from him as well as the path we ought to have followed."

"We are all apt to doubt Providence, no matter how far He has stretched his arm in our behalf. It is only natural, but is none the less wrong, for all that."

Inez was about to make answer to this delicate rebuke when the young man started up with the excited question:

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes, it was the sound of a gun."

"There it is again. Hark! What can it mean?"

Crack! crack! came the report of rifles, at no great distance, seeming to indicate that the severest kind of a fight was under way near at hand.

The lovers sprang to their feet and listened, neither able to conjecture for a time what was the real explanation of it all.

When they came to listen to the racket more composedly, it struck Dick that there was a difference in the character of many of the sounds which came to their ears.

Some of them were loud, precisely like the reports of guns, while the majority were short and sharp, such as led to the belief that they were caused by pistols.

"I must find out what all this means," said the young man; "if you are willing, and will remain here, I will reconnoitre a little for the combatants, as they seem to be not far off."

Inez answered that she had no objection, and he started toward the sounds, to see whether he could learn the explanation.

The route was so broken that he was unable to make the progress his impatient curiosity prompted, but he managed to struggle forward until he found himself in a broad valley, where it seemed to him a train of ox-teams would find no difficulty in traveling, so free was it from obstruction of all kinds.

He believed he was quite close to the spot, though as yet he had not seen anything of the flash of the guns, when the sounds ceased almost as suddenly as they first broke upon them.

For a minute or two several dropping shots were heard, and then all again became as silent as the tomb.

Believing that the tumult would soon be renewed, he paused, and waited until he could hear it for his guidance.

But it did not come. Whatever its nature and cause, that which produced it was no more.

Dick was still wondering and speculating, when he was alarmed by the tramp of horses' feet along the valley in which he was standing—not far off, either.

"They are coming this way," he said to himself, as he hastened to one side, so as to be out of the path of the shadowy host.

He was none too soon in the action, for there were horses coming at a headlong rate exactly toward the spot upon which he was standing but an instant before.

The ravine in which he had halted was so dark and wooded that the light of the moon could not penetrate it, so that he could see nothing at all of what his ears told him was going on.

They sounded as if they numbered half a hundred, and there must have been a score at least, and they were riding at a speed which seemed to promise so many broken necks before they could go much further.

Dick strained his vision to catch a glimpse of some of these phantom horsemen, and once or twice he believed he caught the outlines of several shadowy figures as they rushed by like the sweep of the mountain torrent.

But it was only for a few seconds. When they were gone the sound of their hoofs died out in the distance.

Now and then he caught the sudden clamp of several feet, as if brought to him by some eddy in the night-air, but soon after the same oppressive

tomb-like silence held reign in the ravine as before the strange sounds first arrested his attention.

"They must have been human beings," said Dick to himself, as he began clambering back on his return to the camp-fire. "It struck me at first that they were a troop of ghosts masquerading through the valley, but there was too substantial a noise from those flying hoofs to have been made by spirits of the air. They were real men mounted upon real horses—that is certain—and they were going at a rate that insures a lot of cracked heads before they travel much further in the darkness."

Dick was so interested in what he had seen that he was careless in making his way back to the camp, and before he suspected it, he awoke to the fact that he was off the track.

He was not much alarmed, however, as he knew he was not far from his beloved.

A careful signal was scarcely uttered when it was answered, and he speedily recovered the right course and was at her side.

She had heard the sounds of the horses' hoofs, and was no less agitated than he.

She was too sensible and strong-minded to believe that there was anything of the supernatural order, though there was something about the place and the occurrence that was beyond the comprehension of both.

They discussed the meaning of it all until a late hour, but as they arrived at no definite conclusion, it is scarcely worth while to give the words that passed between them.

It was not far from midnight that the talk ended, and Inez gathered her shawl about her and sank again into a slumber.

Dick had a suspicion that he would hear more of these strange goings on before morning, for it seemed to him that there was some tragedy which as yet remained uncompleted.

But he was disappointed in this respect, for the stillness was only rendered the more impressive by the occasional sighing of the night-wind through the woods and leaves overhead.

The solemn quiet soon affected him, and although it was his purpose to keep wide awake until daylight, he succumbed at last, and his slumber was not broken till the rays of the morning sun penetrated the branches, and the sound of more than one feathered songster was in the air.

There was no food obtainable, and Dick proposed that he should start off in quest of some, but Inez protested.

"There is no need of it," said she; "and we must learn what it is to be deprived of the necessaries of life."

"When we can't help it," replied her lover; "come, we will leave our horses here while we go off together. You have a pistol, and may have a chance to use it. At any rate, you can help me, and it won't hurt our animals to spend a few more hours here, for the grass is not so plenty that they do not need all the time to get their fill."

Dick Harrod had a way about him that, when he made up his mind as to the proper course to take, there was trouble in resisting the magnetism of his presence.

So she started with him, and a few minutes after emerged into the valley through which the host of the night before had thundered in its headlong flight.

Here were abundance of tracks to show that veritable horses in a body over the ground within a few hours past, so there could be no doubt of their experience of the night.

An examination of these showed that they had been made by the animals of civilized men, for all the steeds were shod.

This was an important discovery, and caused all manner of speculation on the part of the two lovers.

"What they are doing in this part of the world is more than I can understand," said Dick, when they had each advanced several theories. "It may be that we are somewhere near a fort, and that these are the soldiers off on a campaign."

This might and it might not be the truth, but, when they were through with their conjectures, their dismal breakfast still confronted them, and Dick suggested that they continue their hunt.

They were now in such a wild region that there was reason to expect game at almost every turn.

So it was that they had not searched long when Inez caught the arm of her companion and whispered:

"There is what you want."

Following the direction indicated, he saw the figure of a mountain antelope standing on a projecting rock, which overhung the ravine in which they stood.

The creature was fully fifty feet above them, and he seemed to be gazing down with that curiosity which is a well-known characteristic of their nature.

No better shot could be asked, and fearful that it would take alarm and whirl about and be off before he could bring it down, the young hunter made quick aim and pulled the trigger.

The distance was so short that it was impossible he should miss, and the shot could not have sped truer had he been given ten times as long in which to make his aim certain.

INSTINCT.—A FEMALE WITNESS BEING TOLD TO KISS THE BOOK, KISSES THE CLERK.

LASSOING A SPECTRE.—"THE COSSACK, MAKING HIS SALUTE, SAID: 'I'VE CAUGHT THE DEVIL, YOUR EXCELLENCY. WHAT ARE YOUR EXCELLENCY'S ORDERS ABOUT HIM?'"

The antelope gathered its legs beneath it with a spasmodic effort, and bounded high in the air, going clean over the rock and dropping into the gully below, almost at the very feet of Inez.

The fall was such that scarcely a whole bone remained in the body of the animal.

"He is in a plump condition, and isn't likely to recover from his wounds, seeing that he is shot through the heart and has all his bones broken," said Dick, as he stooped over to cut out his favorite portion.

While he was thus occupied Inez acted the part of sentinel, for she was apprehensive that the report of the gun would bring some of the Apaches to the spot.

But none appeared, so far as she could discover, and they made their way back to camp in much better spirits than the night before.

Here, while they were eating one of the most enjoyable meals that had been theirs since entering Texas, they discussed their future course.

It was agreed that they would continue further into the valley through which the trail appeared to lead, their impression being that they would soon reach the open country beyond, where they were likely to gain a chance to take their bearings.

The fact that white men had traversed that ground during the preceding night caused Dick to incline to the theory of Inez, that they were in the vicinity of some of the frontier posts, where they could obtain guidance and such help as they stood in need.

The route upon which they had decided led directly into Aska-Yata, the Death Valley of the Apaches!

The sun was shining from a clear sky as the two lovers galloped up the ravine, whose depth gradually increased while they advanced. The walls of black rocks rose high on each side, and more than once the feeling came over the two friends that they were riding into the gateway of the other world.

Had they known the truth, they would have been certain that such was the case.

But Providence once more interfered when they had no suspicion or thought of what they were doing.

Yonder is a piece of paper pinned to a tree," said Inez, pointing to a stunted pine at one side of the ravine.

Looking in that direction, Dick saw what seemed to be a sheet of brown paper fastened to the trunk of the tree.

It was pinned with a peg of wood, and as they drew nigh to it they discovered, with a wonder which can scarcely be imagined, that it contained a number of words written with a piece of red chalk.

This wonder became absolute amazement to Dick when he came near enough to discover that the words were addressed to him by name!

Well might he be struck dumb with consternation when he came to read what was thereon written in the clear, bold hand of his old friend.

Here they are:

"DICK HARROD—Should this meet your eye, don't come a step further, but as you value your lives, turn back at once!

"You are now entering what is known as Aska-Yata, the Death Valley of the Apaches!

"A quarter of a mile further, and you will be in the very heart of the place which comes as near to being hell itself as any region above the earth!

"If you have progressed this far you are in imminent danger, and I fear you will not be able to extricate yourselves.

"But turn back and go anywhere—anywhere—anywhere except onward; that leads you to certain death!

"Flora and I have been rescued, and are out of all danger; haven't time to explain how it all came about, but will tell you as soon as we see each other, which I hope will be soon. We are on our way back to the Colorado. Follow us, for you are off the track, and are sure to go to destruction if you continue.

WILL MCCORMICK."

[To be continued.]

"Long Tim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 883.

Hurrying on his clothes as quickly as possible, he hastened down-stairs, and found at the door the horse with his ghostly burden, while the Cossack, making his salute, said, quietly:

"I've caught the devil, your excellency. What are your excellency's orders about him?"

Stifling a laugh at his follower's coolness, the chief ordered the prisoner's disguise to be taken off, when the features revealed were those of a noted thief, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

The rascal was promptly packed off to Siberia, while his captor received in full the recompense to which he was so well entitled.

A FATHER'S FATAL CARELESSNESS.

A FARMER named Brewer took a grist to a Fairmount (Neb.) mill, accompanied by his two children. After he had taken them out he attempted to take a gun from the wagon. The trigger caught, and it was discharged, the contents striking both children. The girl cannot recover. The boy may live.

INSTINCT.

SOME amusement was caused not long ago in an English court by a female witness, who, on the oath being administered, repeatedly kissed the clerk instead of the book. It was some time before she was made to understand which was the proper subject for osculation.

LASSOING A SPECTRE.—A COSSACK'S EXPLOIT.

SOME few years ago, toward the end of December, all Moscow was startled by the rumor—at first vague and doubtful, then more and more distinct—of a hideous figure which showed itself nightly just outside one of the principal "barriers" of the city, terrifying all beholders with the veritable semblance of a demon—horns, tail, fiery eyes, and all.

After a time, however, it was whispered that every one who had been "interviewed" by this disagreeable promenader had ended by finding himself minus his watch, purse, or some other valuable—a fact which aroused suspicions that the pretended demon was, after all, only some daring thief, requiring the exorcisms of the police rather than those of the clergy.

Such, at least, was the view taken in the Bureau of Police itself, where the matter was being discussed one night by some dozen members of the "force," with the addition of such details as popular rumor or their own lively fancy suggested.

Suddenly a young Cossack, recently enrolled, who had sat perfectly silent during the whole conversation, arose and said, quietly but firmly:

"If it's against orders to let the devil walk about! I'll just go and tackle him."

So saying, the adventurous lad went forth, saddled his horse and set off in quest of the pocket-picking demon, taking with him no weapon save his "arkan"—a short lasso, as formidable in Cossack hands as in those of the American "Gaucho."

It was dark long before he reached the barrier, but a faint gleam of moonlight showed him a ghastly figure, which seemed to rise out of the earth at his approach, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Holloa, there! I want you! Come down with me to my kingdom below!"

The sinister summons was barely uttered when the noose settled around the speaker's neck, and the half-throttled demon found himself jerked from his feet and flung violently to the ground.

The Cossack bound him hand and foot, trussed him up behind the saddle, and started back through the town at full gallop, utterly regardless of the cries of astonishment that followed his course, and the crowd that gathered at his heels like a snowball.

Meanwhile, the chief of police, having gone to bed earlier than usual, had just fallen asleep, when he was aroused by a violent knocking at his door and a shout of:

"Your excellency! your excellency!"

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried "his excellency," savagely, adding a brief but forcible apostrophe, which need not be quoted.

"The devil, your excellency," answered a voice from without.

"The devil!" echoed the great man, somewhat startled at the announcement of such a visitor, despite the appropriateness of the hour.

"There's a Cossack below, your excellency, who says he's caught the devil, and wants to know what he's to do with him."

A sudden recollection of the "barrier demon" flashed upon the chief's mind, and he comprehended the whole affair in a moment.

THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.

THE long-expected and much-talked of canoe regatta came off on Saturday, June 14th.

Beauty and fashion were well represented in the crowds of ladies who had flocked to witness the aquatic feats of the aspiring contestants.

The neighborhood of the New York Canoe Club's boathouse, at Stapleton, S. I., presented a very lively appearance, and as the hour approached excitement increased to a fever point.

Gayly-dressed canoemen were rushing frantically here and there, in vain endeavors to find this or that part of their equipment that some blessed fellow had mislaid.

By the vigorous endeavors of the committee the contestants in the "paddling match" were at last brought together, and at the word "Go," eight beautiful canoes were urged forward by as many pairs of sturdy arms.

In spite of the fact that a stiff breeze was blowing dead against the fleet, the time over the mile course and back was very good. P. Tuckerman, owner of the *Star*, won easily in 19min., Fred Hussey, in the *Elsie*, was second, and William T. Pitch, in the *Argo*, third.

The string of paddlers were no sooner home than preparations were immediately made for the grand event of the day.

Thanks to the courtesy of President W. Whitlock, the members of the press were accommodated on board the judges' boat.

The wind whistled across the water in a pretty smart style, and the white horses began to show their heads in all directions. Many of the stout-hearted canoeists began to look forward to a rough race, while others looked very anxious as they glanced to windward. The entries for the grand sailing race were as follows:

No.	Owner.	Club.	Name.
1	Putnam, Kingman N.	Resolute	Kaloolah.
2	Chase, Charles E.	J. C. C. C.	Bubble.
3	Brownell, Dr. E. B.	N. Y. C. C.	Effie.
4	Whitlock, W. C.	N. Y. C. C.	Clodhopper.
5	Smith, Sutherland D.	N. Y. C. C.	Lena.
6	Pillard, Dr. H. G.	N. Y. C. C.	Psyche.
7	Norton, C. L.	N. Y. C. C.	Zeta.
8	Habberton, John	N. Y. C. C.	Dolly Varden.
9	D'Oremieulx, L. F.	——	Star.
11	Rancom, E. A.	J. C. C. C.	——
12	Wyckoff, R. D.	J. C. C. C.	——
13	Newton, B. F.	J. C. C. C.	——
14	Constantine, A. C.	——	Louise.
15	Waay, G.	Resolute	Dot.
16	Topping, William A.	Resolute	Dispatch.
17	Cooke, W. M.	——	Rosalind.
18	Hussey, Frederick	Passaic	Elsie.
19	Roosevelt, A.	N. Y. C. C.	Jersey Blue.
20	DeForest, R. W.	N. Y. C. C.	Sunshine.
21	Fyon, P. L., Jr. / Dodge, C. H.	Riverdale	Wm. Henry.
22	Haydock, R. R.	——	——
23	Smith, Judge F. S.	N. Y. C. C.	Titania.
24	Pitch, William T.	J. C. C. C.	Argo.
25	Fyon, P. L. / Babcock, William	Riverdale	Impens.
26	Tuckerman, P.	——	Star.
27	Stephens, W. P.	J. C. C. C.	Jersey Blue.
28	Hazard, H. H.	N. Y. C. C.	J. H. H.

The little fleet presented a most picturesque scene. Their respective owners had now boarded their crafts, and were busily preparing for the race.

Among the most active members of this lively crowd was Dr. H. G. Pillard, of the *Psyche*. Like the other gallant mariners, he was getting everything ready to put to sea when an unlucky lurch precipitated the brave doctor into the briny deep. It was with great difficulty, and only by stupendous exertions of a bevy of fair ladies, armed with a rocket apparatus, that the gallant commander of the *Psyche* was rescued from a watery grave.

One by one, the pretty little boats hoisted their snow-white sails, and bobbed about in the sunlight in the most joyous manner.

Some were sloop-rigged; others preferred the schooner style; others were rigged in the regular canoe style. But one and all seemed eager for the coming fray, and resolved to "do or capsize in the attempt."

In spite of the rough nature of the water and the difficulty of the job, all of the little vessels were started.

Nos. 15, 5, 3, started at 3h. 37min.; Nos. 14, 18, 23, at 3h. 40min.; Nos. 19, 9, 4, at 3h. 42min.; No. 8, at 3h. 46min. 30sec.

A FATHER'S FATAL CARELESSNESS.—A BAD WAY TO TAKE A GUN FROM A WAGON.

THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—THE START FOR THE PADDLING RACE AT STAPLETON, S. I.

The stiff breeze had now raised a tolerable swell, and had not the owners of the various canoes been thorough masters of their art, the race might have resulted in one or more accidents. The course was from the stake-boat around Buoy 17, again around the stake-boat and Buoy 17, and back to the boat, a distance of six miles.

The *Dot*, No 15, was managed in splendid style as far as the first and second turn of the buoy, but was no sooner round than she managed to drift so much to leeward that a much slower craft won the second, and another the third place.

The following were the times taken on board the judges' boat at the first turn of the buoy:

No.	Name.	H.	Min.	Sec.
3	—*Elsie*	3	50	30
15	—*Dot*	3	51	55
14	—*Louise*	3	55	..

SECOND TURN.

No.	Name.	H.	Min.	Sec.
3	—*Elsie*	4	17	15
15	—*Dot*	4	24	50
14	—*Louise*	4	32	11

FINISH.

No.	Name.	Owner.	Place.	H.	Min.	Sec.
3	—*Elsie*	Dr. E. B. Bronson	1st	..	59	30
14	—*Louise*	A. C. Constantine	3d	1	9	..
4	—*Clochette*	W. Whitlock	3d	1	36	..

L. F. d'Oremieulx, of the canoe *Star*, had a very narrow escape from being run down by a large ferryboat. In the excitement of the race he had not noticed the monster's approach until he found himself under her sponson.

By a mere miracle, the pilot caused the engines to be stopped in the very nick of time; another second and the canoe and its occupant would have been crushed to pieces.

Mr. Vanx C. Bowyer performed a variety of feats of skill while handling his boat. On one occasion he was literally sitting on the outside of his own canoe, while she tore through the water in a frantic manner.

THE more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

THE SLAVE OF THE MINE;

OR,

Jack Harkaway in 'Frisco.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE MINES.

ALFONSO, the desperate murderer, had effectually put an end to all his earthly sufferings.

Jack quickly recovered from the shock which his death had given him.

Taking a knife with which he was accustomed to eat his dinner, he searched for the spot in the man's leg where he claimed to have hidden the diamond.

It was with very little hope of finding it that he did so.

The whole story seemed like the delirious ravings of a madman. Cutting away the skin, a hard substance fell out, which Jack picked up.

He had been at work in the mines long enough to know what a diamond was.

Holding it to the light, he uttered a cry of surprise, for he saw that he was the possessor of a jewel of the first water and of prodigious size.

Alfonso had not lied to him.

The story was not the invention of a maniac, but a solemn fact.

What should he do with it?

This question could not be decided off-hand, so he slipped it in his pocket, with the reflection that he yet had half the day to think the matter out.

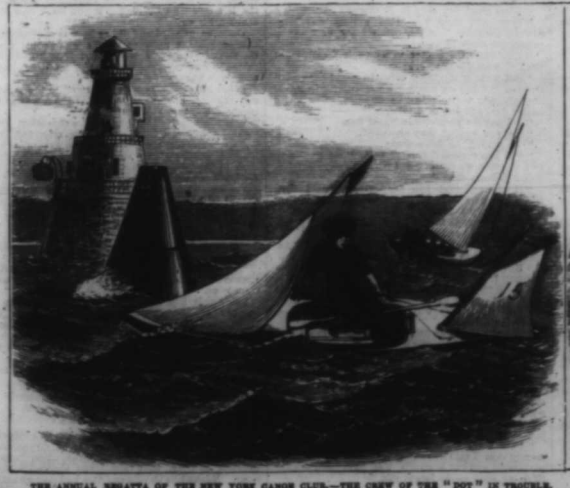
The convicts were only searched at night, before retiring to their quarters.

He was running a great risk, and he knew it.

If a diamond was found upon the person of a convict he was instantly shot.

Not even a drum-head court-martial was held upon him.

A squad of soldiers was ordered up with loaded rifles, and in less time than it takes to tell it the unlucky finder of the stone was dead.



THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—THE CREW OF THE "DOT" IN TROUBLE.

PERILOUS FLIGHT OF MR. D'OREMIEULX UNDER THE BOW OF A FERRYBOAT.

Making his way to the shaft, where he knew a guard was always stationed, Jack went to make his report.

"What do you want, my man?" asked the officer of the guard.

"Come to report, sir," replied Jack.

"Well?"

"I worked with convict No. 9, Alfonso by name. Overseer Pedro accused him of shirking his work, and an altercation ensued. Pedro threatened to report him twice. Alfonso attacked him with his pick. A shot was fired; but Pedro was killed."

"Ha!" cried the officer; "an overseer slain!"

"Yes, captain."

"What were you about, not to prevent it?"

"I was powerless to interfere."

"How so?"

"The whole thing was so sudden, captain," said Jack.

"Where is the assassin?" inquired the officer.

"He is dead."

"Dead also?"

"Yes. He snatched up the pistol of Pedro and shot himself dead."

The officer turned to his men.

"Sergeant," he said, "take a file of the guard. Go into that working and verify the truth of this man's statement."

The sergeant saluted.

"If there are any dead bodies, bring them to the shaft," continued the officer.

He again bestowed his attention upon Harkaway.

"You will consider yourself under arrest," he added.

Jack nodded, and sat down on the ground between two soldiers.

He wondered what would happen next.

Men who live an uncertain life enjoy an excitement similar to that experienced by gamblers.

Jack did not know whether he would live to see the sun set, and yet he felt more inclined to whistle than cry.

At length the dead bodies were brought out and sent up to the surface in the cage.

The officer followed with Jack.

On being informed of the tragedy, the governor of the mines held an examination.

Harkaway told his story with such a straightforward, truthful air, that he was instantly believed.

No blame attached to him.

"It wasn't your quarrel, my good fellow," said the governor, "and I do not see how you could have interfered successfully. These affairs must occur in such a population as ours. It was clearly Pedro's own fault for not using his pistol with more celerity and not taking a better aim. You are discharged."

"Thank you, sir," replied Jack. "Might I ask you one favor?"

"Name it."

"I should like to work in the open air."

"Would you? That is not extraordinary. Most people would."

"Cannot I wash the dirt when it comes out of the mines?"

"We have enough already."

"If I go below I shall see those two men quarrelling. It will put me strongly to drive me crazy, and if I become insane, the state will lose a valuable servant."

The governor laughed.

"I should think you had been a lawyer," he observed.

"Why so?"

"You know how to plead your cause so well."

He paused for a moment, as if reflecting.

"Your answer, excellency," exclaimed the officer.

"To what?"

"This man's prayer."

"Oh, yes. I had forgotten him. His request is granted. I was thinking of something else. Send up the band of the regiment to my house. I have to entertain two strangers to-day. They come from Rio with letters from the Emperor himself."

The governor went away, and Jack was at once taken to a stream, where, standing up to his waist in water, he washed the dirt in a sieve as it was brought to him in a barrow, from the mouth of the mine, by another convict.

The bank of the stream on one side was several feet above the water.

Jack had not been at work long before he heard voices.

Looking up, he saw the governor and two gentlemen.

What was his surprise to see his friends, Harvey and Mr. Mole?

They had evidently lost no time in following him to the Brazils.

He was about to make an exclamation, when Mr. Mole's foot slipped and he fell into the water.

Splashing about like a huge fish, he seized Jack and pulled him down.

They rolled over and over.

"Help! I'm drowning!" cried Mole. "Never could swim a stroke in my life, you know. Help me, you clumsy! I'll have you whipped!"

"No, you won't, Mr. Mole," said Jack, helping him up.

"Ha! you know my name?"

"Yes; look at me."

"Jack!"

The professor delightedly threw his arms round Jack's neck, and hugged and kissed him with every demonstration of unbounded affection.

The governor was astonished.

"What is the matter with your friend?" he asked.

"Is he crazy?"

"I don't know," replied Harvey.

The professor waved his hand.

"I've found him," he exclaimed. "It's Jack!"

They speedily made their way to the bank, and Harvey was as much pleased as Mr. Mole had been.

"Jack, my dear old fellow," he said; "thank God you are alive and well."

Turning to the governor, he added:

"This, sir, is the gentleman whose pardon I have brought you from the Emperor."

The governor bowed.

"One of our best prisoners," he replied. "I am sorry to lose him; but, of course, he is free."

Jack was profoundly affected.

"We lost no time in following you," said Harvey. "My wound was not a dangerous one, and as soon as I got well enough to travel, we were off."

That day Jack, in a new suit of clothes, dined with the governor and his friends.

He kept the diamond, which he had cut in San Francisco afterward, and handsomely set.

"For Lena," he said.

They made their way to the city of Rio and took the first steamer for Aspinwall, where they crossed the Isthmus to Panama, and took ship again for 'Frisco.

On their arrival they bought the *Chronicle*, and Jack read a paragraph in the fashionable intelligence:

"Miss Lena Vanhoosen and Mr. Alfred Vanhoosen are staying at Black's Hotel, in the Yosemite Valley."

"Dick," he exclaimed, "we must travel again."

"How?"

"Lena is in California."

That evening they were traveling toward Merced, and the next day they took the stage for the fascinated valley, where they hoped to meet the Vanhoosens.

Of Lord Maltravers they heard absolutely nothing.

He seemed to have disappeared from the scene.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ATTACK ON THE STAGE.

THE journey by stage to that wonderful valley which the Indians named the Yosemite has been so often described that we will not take up the time of our readers by dwelling on the marvelous scenery of the Sierras.

Stopping for dinner at Mariposa, which is the first resting-place after leaving Merced, where the railway ends, the stage went on to Clark's Station.

About ten miles from the hotel there is the wonderful grove of big trees, to see which is alone worth a journey of three thousand miles.

When they were nearing the hotel they encountered two shepherds, who were walking in great haste.

"Take care," said one.

"Of what?" asked the driver, pulling up.

"Vasquez is on the road."

"How do you know?"

"He has just attacked the stage coming from Clark's Station. We heard the shots as we were tending our sheep hard by."

"Any one hurt?"

"The driver's killed. There were a lady and a gentleman in the stage. They were carried off."

"Which way did the robbers go?"

"Toward the big trees. It is there Vasquez has his camp."

"And where are you going?"

"To the sheriff of Mariposa."

Jack looked at Harvey.

"It seems to me that we ought to go after these robbers," said he.

"Impelling," replied Harvey.

"My lads," said Jack to the shepherds, "do you know the country about here?"

"Ed does," replied one," indicating his companion.

"All right; you go and mind your sheep. The driver of the stage shall turn round and summon the sheriff of Mariposa, while Ed shall guide my friend and myself to the camp of the robbers."

"And what am I to do?" asked Mr. Mole.

"You, sir, can walk to the hotel and wait for us."

"I'll do it," replied Mole; "for I don't think my poor old legs are strong enough to carry me over hills and over mountains."

Everything was arranged in five minutes.

Jack had in his way of organizing which would have done credit to a veteran general.

Ed, the shepherd, was armed with a pistol, and Jack and Harvey were similarly supplied.

"I've got some cooked mutton and some bread close here," said Ed; "and I guess we ought to take it with us, as we shall be hungry before morning."

Jack made no objection, and having put the provisions in a bag, he slung it over his shoulder.

The stage was in the middle of the narrow roadway and the horses were cropping the rich grass which grew by the side.

Lying on the road was the body of the dead stage-driver, who had been shot through the heart.

Jack saw something white on a seat of the stage, and springing up on the wheel, seized it.

It was a handkerchief, and embroidered in one corner was the name, "Lena V."

"Hello!" cried Jack.

"What's up?" asked Harvey.

"My dear Dick," replied Jack, "there is somebody besides Vasquez in this outrage."

"How?"

"Here is Lena Vanhoosen's handkerchief, or I am very much mistaken."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir, and Vasquez would not want to carry her off unless Lord Maltravers was with him."

"True enough," said Harvey.

Jack laughed in a quiet, satisfied manner.

"They reckoned without one thing," he exclaimed. "They thought I was still working in the mines of Brazil, and little imagined that Jack Harkaway was on their track."

"They'll find it out, though, before long," said Harvey, with a grin.

"You bet."

"Now, let us go ahead. They haven't much the start of us."

"I'm ready."

Jack turned to the shepherd.

"Can you follow a trail?" he asked.

"I guess so, boss," was the reply.

"I don't want you to 'guess.' Say whether you can or not."

"Well, then, I can."

"Good enough!"

"There isn't an Indian that can beat me at tracking anything, whether it is man or beast."

"Start right away," said Jack, "and you shall have a hundred dollars if we come up with Vasquez before nightfall."

The shepherd looked carefully around, and soon found the trail, heading off like a bloodhound who had got the scent.

For six miles they toiled up-hill all the way until they reached the vicinity of the big trees.

Two gigantic monarchs of the forest struck them with awe.

"Look at this wilderness," said Jack. "Do not these solitary trees give you an idea of grandeur that you never had before?"

"They do, indeed," replied Harvey.

The shepherd held up his hand warningly.

"Danger," he whispered.

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Right here. Look!"

He pointed to the left, and Jack saw a group which riveted his attention.

A little way off was Vasquez. Near him were Lord Maltravers, Lena, and Alfred Vanhoosen, the two latter with their arms bound behind their backs.

Two men, attendants of Vasquez, guarded the prisoners, who leant disconsolately against the huge trunk of one of the trees.

"Do as I tell you!" exclaimed Vasquez.

"What?" asked Maltravers.

"Shoot the brother."

"But the girl will never forgive me."

"Ah, pshaw! I'll do it for you," said the robber.

Maltravers endeavored to restrain him, but he broke from him, and, presenting a pistol at Alfred Vanhoosen, fired.

Alfred fell bleeding at his sister's feet.

But retribution swift and sure, was at hand.

Jack aimed at him, and brought him down with a well-directed bullet.

"Fire, Dick, fire!" he cried. "Shoot every mother's son of them!"

Ed, the shepherd, and Harvey were not slow to obey this injunction.

The two attendant robbers were hit before they could realize that they were in the presence of enemies.

In fact, the surprise was complete.

Lord Maltravers took in the situation at a glance.

"Harkaway!" he exclaimed, while his knees trembled under him.

"I am here," replied Jack.

"Is it you, or your ghost?" he asked.

"Not much ghost about me."

Maltravers saw that resistance was useless, and at the same time he recognized the unpleasant fact that any attempt at escape would be futile.

He was a doomed man.

Yet he made one effort to save himself.

"Will you let me go if I surrender?" he asked.

"I will not."

Lena Vanhoosen held out her hands, which she had seperated from the bonds that bound her.

"Save me! oh, save me!" she cried.

Maltravers hesitated a moment.

Then he leveled his pistol at Lena, as if his mind was fully made up.

"If I cannot have her, you shall never possess her!" he cried, savagely.

The next moment his pistol exploded, and Lena, the blood flowing from a wound in her breast, fell to the ground.

"Villain and coward!" exclaimed Jack, as he emptied his revolver in the wretch's body.

Maltravers staggered and sank on his knees.

"Curse you!" he said, as he feebly discharged his pistol at Jack.

The shot went wide of the mark, but it struck the shepherd, who was mortally wounded.

It was a scene of carnage.

Alfred Vanhoosen was dead, so was Vanquez and his two followers, Maltravers was dying, and Lena was in a like condition, while the shepherd would never speak again.

Frantic with grief, Jack threw himself on the body of his beloved.

"My darling, my baby!" he exclaimed; "speak to me."

Lena raised her fast glazing eyes to him, but she could not utter a word.

With bitter, scalding tears, Jack watched her die.

* * * * * *

Let us draw a vail over this affecting scene.

Jack and Harvey went back to the hotel at Clark's Station and sent men for the bodies.

The funeral of the slain took place at Mariposa.

Then Harkaway, Mr. Mole and Harvey returned to England by way of New York.

It was long before he forgot his lost love, and for years the name of Lena Vanhoosen was as dear to him as that of Lord Maltravers was hateful.

THE END.

ORVILLE AND DAN;

Or,

Adventures in Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FALLING AMONG THIEVES.

ABOUT four o'clock the next morning Hirano entered the boys' room, and awaking them, said:

"It's raining in torrents. Surely you will not start while this continues?"

"How long do you think it will last?" sleepily demanded Orville.

"All the way from two or three days to a fortnight," was the calm response. "Fuien (the windimp) and Raiden (the thunder-drummer) are out on a frolic; the latter has a thunder-cat with him, and when he throws it out of the clouds it plays havoc with anything it strikes."

The lads laughed at the description, and after inspecting the weather announced their determination to start at the appointed time.

"You better hire a horse, Dan," said their host.

"I can furnish you with paper sheets and headdresses."

"What good will they be?" yawned Dan.

"They will keep you from getting wet," answered Hirano. "In this country our best waterproofs are made of paper."

"You leave the matter to my uncle," called out Benkei, from the next apartment.

"But what is this thing going to cost?" inquired Orville. "When we started, we calculated to travel cheaply, and not to ride like Daimios. Our uncle hasn't died and left us a fortune."

"I'll pay for your steeds," said Ben.

"No, you won't," they chorused.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"For this reason," replied Orv; "we prefer to pay our own way, and don't wish to spend our last dollar in horse-flesh."

"Yes, I guess we'll do it," said Orville. "I am much obliged to you for your kindness."

"How are our bearers going to carry all our presents?" said Dan.

"I will forward them to Yokohama for you," said their host, "as the packmen who carry goods very cheaply; they will reach you about a week after your arrival."

When the travelers joined the family at breakfast, they noticed all the ladies had a lock of hair hanging loose from their otherwise neatly-arranged tresses.

"That is because you are going away," whispered Benkei. "See how they like you."

The meal proved a very solemn one, and the girls showed their regret by not eating anything, and when the time of their friends' departure came, presented the boys with souvenirs of their own working.

"I am sorry we have nothing to give you in remembrance," said Orville. "When we return home we'll send you our portraits. You have been so kind to us we shall never forget you."

"The norimono is here," said Hirano, "and the horses are coming up the street."

Upon hearing this the inmates and her daughters moved into the front room, and waited to see the travelers off.

They did not kiss Benkei or shake hands with his companions, those actions being unknown to the Japanese, but awaited their departure with downcast eyes and respectful silence.

"Here are your waterproofs," said Hirano, unfolding two large squares of light oiled-paper, provided with apertures like ponchos. "Slip these over your heads, then put on these hoods and the rain imp himself could not wet you. Take my advice, tuck up your pants, and let your bearers carry your shoes and stockings; it won't hurt you to get wet feet."

"There we Americans don't agree with you," observed Dan. "We are always careful to keep our feet dry. I'll tuck my pants into my boots and let these waterproofs cover them."

While they were donning their new costumes they heard a row outside, and on inquiring the cause, were informed their horses were having a fight, and they must be careful not to let them get near each other.

"We are ready," said their bearers, who came in enveloped in waterproof cloaks made of rushes, which gave them the appearance of being thatched all over, their heads being protected with hats made of the same material.

"We have oil-cloths with which to cover the luggage."

"There it is," said Orville, pointing to the packages. "Will you be able to keep up with the horses?"

"Yes," answered the head carrier; "you need not trouble about us."

"Now, nephew," said Hirano, "your norimono is at the door.

The boys stepped into the veranda and beheld an apparatus that looked like the body of a miniature stage-coach slung from a massive beam of timber—the sides of the vehicle being provided with shutters, and the entire machine covered with a screen of oiled paper.

This contrivance was resting on the ground, and in entering it, Ben had almost to go upon his hands and knees. After doing which he turned round, like a squirrel in its cage, and bowing his head to the ladies, said:

"Sayonara!"

As he did so his bearers unceremoniously dropped the screen and shut him in; then seizing their heavy sticks, placed their shoulders under the carrying beam, and followed the baggage men.

"Mr. Hirano," said Orville, in a low tone, "how much did you expend for our waterproofs?"

"Nothing," he answered; "keep them in remembrance of me," adding, as he handed each of the boys a strong club, provided with a loop of silken cord, "Accept these, also; you may want them crossing the mountains. We call them headachesticks, and you will find them useful both against man and beast."

"I thought the Ronins were nearly all exterminated," said Dan.

"So they are," answered their host; "but we, like other nations, have our bad men, who prefer robbing to working for a living."

They thanked him for his generosity, and promised to send him a token of their regard from Tokio, after which they inquired for their horses.

"I had to send them back," he said; "they were more than usually vicious beasts, and while they were waiting for you, almost eat each other up. You had better ride singly, one in front and the other behind the norimono.

As he was speaking, a *betto*, tattooed from head to foot, came up the street leading a Roman-nosed pony, upon which was lashed a sort of pad by way of saddle, and from its various trappings depended fringes and knotted tassels that made it resemble a circus horse.

"Where are the stirrups?" said Orville to the *betto*, who appeared to enjoy the steady downpour.

The tattooed gentleman grinned and showed him two enormous bronze articles that were tied up to within four inches of the top of the pad, the Japanese preferring to ride with their knees upon a level with their noses.

Orv directed him to let the stirrups down to the proper length. As the *betto* was carrying out his instructions the steed tried to bite the man's ear off, receiving as a punishment a kick that almost dislocated its neck.

"This horse's name is the Playful Sprite," said the fellow. "Mind how you approach him. If you are not careful he will kick you."

"Turn him round the other way and I can get on his back," said the boy.

"This is the right side to get up," said the *betto*.

"I am not going to argue about it," was Orville's cool rejoinder. "We Americans mount on the left side of a horse, and if you don't slew him around, I'll walk."

The man grinned and did as he was commanded, and in another moment Orville was seated upon the back of the brute, which, on feeling his weight, darted off at full speed and gave its rider great trouble in keeping his seat.

There was no time to say farewell to the ladies, and the last glimpse he caught of them was as he turned the corner of the street.

When his horse halted, from exhaustion, Orv looked round and saw Dan coming after him at a gallop; however, the creatures soon gave over exhibiting anything like speed, and after the first hour of the journey required the constant use of the stick to keep them up with the norimono.

For two days they journeyed in the pitiless rain, halting at the roadside inns to spend their nights, and on the evening of the third day entered a pass in the mountains, said to be the resort of bandits.

"I don't like the looks of this place," said Orville, riding up to Benkei's vehicle.

"The bearers say there is an inn a mile ahead," answered Ben. "I don't think anybody will trouble us."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when a number of armed men suddenly appeared, as though out of the ground, and advanced upon them with menacing gestures; seeing whom Benkei sprang from his norimono, and Orville remarked to his brother:

"I guess we'll have to give them a taste of our headache-sticks."

CHAPTER XLV.

IN A HAUNTED INN.

THE robbers came upon the travelers so suddenly that at first the bearers seemed paralyzed, and inclined to turn and run; however, upon Benkei shouting to them, they rallied and showed a bold front. Meanwhile Orville and Dan had thrown aside

the waterproofs, and were hurriedly consulting as to what they should do.

The bandits, who were led by a tall, ferocious-looking scoundrel, appeared puzzled to find the lads were foreigners, and hesitated about attacking them.

"Who are you?" demanded the chief, addressing Benkei.

"I am your countryman," he replied. "Why do you thus bar our passage with arms in your hands? Are you not aware the Emperor has forbidden people like yourselves to carry swords?"

"We have not yet received that command," said the bandit, in an insulting tone. "The question between us is, will you give up your money peaceably or fight?"

By that time the bearers had formed a circle about the norimono and baggage, and the brothers, with a good grasp on their headache-sticks, had taken up their positions on each side of the vehicle.

No sooner was this done than the robbers rushed at them, sword in hand, uttering loud yells, in order to intimidate them, and in a few moments they were fighting desperately to defend their lives and property, the ponies enjoying the mêlée, and charging among the highwaymen with open mouths and protruding teeth.

Orville got one crack at the leader, who, in return, sprang up and dealt him a blow that swept him out of the saddle, noticing which Dan endeavored to ride down his brother's assailant, but, missing him, was knocked over just as Orv had been.

Benkei saw this and shuddered, knowing they had no chance against their foe, spite of which he did not give in, and continued to urge his men to fight until he was overpowered and rendered senseless.

As he fell the robbers set up a cry of victory, and were proceeding to pillage the baggage when a scout on the road ahead gave a peculiar signal, that caused them to pause and demand the reason of his alarm.

Ere he could reply the highwaymen heard two shots fired in rapid succession, and before their leader could ascertain the cause of the trouble they found themselves surrounded by soldiers.

"Who are these foreigners?" asked the officer in command, addressing one of the unwounded bearers.

"They are Americans," said the man. "We are on our way to Tochigi, and were set upon by yonder highwaymen, and our masters slain by them."

The colonel dismounted, and calling to one of the staff, said:

"Doctor, kindly ascertain the injuries of these youths."

"They are only stunned," said the surgeon. "See, both of them are reviving."

When Orville could speak, the colonel said to him:

"You have had a very narrow escape. We came here in order to exterminate these brigands, the leader of whom professes to keep the inn a little beyond this spot. My men shall carry you to the house, and when I have attended to the wretches I will rejoin you."

"We can walk, thank you all the same," replied the boy. "Come, Dan and Benkei, let us start."

Upon mustering their people they found one of their bearers wounded and two others badly bruised, while Benkei, like themselves, had escaped with a severe blow.

The doctor of the troops spoke very excellent English, and informed them that he had been educated in the New York Medical College.

"I regret that you have had such an experience as this," he said; as he accompanied them toward the inn. "In the olden time Japan was infested with these robbers; now there are only a few of them left," adding, significantly: "There will be a good many less to-morrow. No medicine is so beneficial to a thief as a nice leaden bolus."

"What do you mean?" demanded Orv.

Just then they heard a volley of musketry behind them, and a few seconds later a similar report ahead.

"That is my answer," smilingly returned the doctor. "We surprised and seized sixty of the rascals at the inn, and the colonel left orders that, when the officer in charge received the information of our capturing the rest of the band, he was to dispatch the prisoners he had taken."

"Have you shot all of them?" said Dan.

"Yes," nodded the other. "You need not shudder; it was fortunate for you we arrived so opportunely. The men for whom you feel such pity have been guilty of most terrible crimes. It was only last week their chief roasted some travelers alive, because they had not enough money to satisfy their demands. I have no sympathy with criminals."

By the time they had reached the inn, Ben and the boys were quite through, and might have slept, so they were, spared seeing the dead bodies of the outlaws; though they beheld a number of women and children who were lamenting the untimely death of their husbands and fathers.

Even the bandits have those who love them, and it was sad to witness the poor creatures' grief.

When the party entered the main room of the inn, the doctor introduced them to a lieutenant, who welcomed the boys in English and did his best to make them comfortable.

"We shall be able to escort you part of the way on your journey," he said. "Our barracks are in Tochigi."

"I am glad of it," said Dan. "These mountain passes have a bad reputation, and not being soldiers, we could not cope with the fellows."

They changed their wet garments, and after partaking of supper, accompanied their new acquaintances over the house, which for years had been in the occupation of robbers.

They saw trap-doors neatly concealed by sleeping mats, sliding panels in the walls, and evidences of numerous murders; also a well or pit, in a rear building, that was said to contain over four hundred bodies of persons, who had lost their lives at the hands of the band.

About ten o'clock the colonel returned and informed the boys he had found and destroyed some more of the troop.

"Why have you not wiped them out before?" inquired Orville. "It seems they have been murdering people a long time. Could not the governor of the province arrest them without calling on the Mikado's troops?"

The colonel smiled, and pausing in his meal, said:

"The rascals were all vassals of the late Prince of Shimotsuke. After the rebellion the imperial armies were sent to the Ooroo and Formosa, and these bandits, thinking themselves safe, robbed and murdered with impunity; but the day of reckoning was only put off for a while, and now they have paid the penalty of their crimes."

The travelers sat up until past midnight, listening to the officers' stories of the atrocities committed by the highwaymen, and when Orville, Dan and Benkei retired to their room, Ben said:

"I am sorry the soldiers had not spoken about the murders that have been committed here. I am frightened. Would you mind my sleeping near you?"

"Certainly we wouldn't," said Dan. "What do you think, Orv will hurt you?"

Benkei did not reply to this question, as he had often been ridiculed by his friends for his ballet in ghosts.

Like most Japanese, so sooner had his head touched the pillow than he was asleep, and that night was no exception to his usual custom.

"See, Ben's got his head to the north," remarked Orville, as the brothers undressed. "He'll be sick again, won't he?"

"Yes," laughingly returned Dan; "let's put him round due east; we don't want him to get his elements mixed up and have a relapse."

The boys lifted their cousin and placed him in the proper direction without disturbing his slumbers, and were about to stretch themselves by his side when Orville remarked:

"Our wet clothes are in the corner. The rain has ceased, so suppose we hang them in the veranda?"

"Good enough," said Dan. "We'll attend to Ben's garments at the same time."

They slid aside their paper-filled sashes, and, entering the veranda, hung the suits to dry from lines and pegs, having done which they reclosed the screens and retired to rest.

When they were sound asleep, the moon, rising over the side of the mountain gorge, illuminated the veranda and gave the fluttering clothes a life-like appearance.

At that moment Benkei awakened, and taking the shadows for ghostly apparitions, rolled his head in a quilt and groaned:

"Oh, oh, oh! they've come for me!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE TRAVELERS TRY TO LOOK IMPOSING.

"HERE, what in the name of goodness is the matter with you, chum?" said Orville, arousing and sitting up. "Have your elements gone wrong again?"

"Ugh, ugh!" moaned Ben, who looked as if he were trying to burrow in the mat. "Wake Dan up."

"I'm not asleep," said the latter. "What's come over you now, chum?"

The young man timidly removed his wraps, and on catching sight of the fluttering figures, once more exclaimed:

"See 'em! see 'em!"

"Here," growled Orv, lifting him into a sitting position, "take a good squint at the things. They are only our clothes."

Benkei satisfied himself that this was so, and again stretching himself out, went to sleep, soon after which the mats beneath the boys began to move, and they heard a smothered voice exclaim:

"Let me out!"

Dan took the window-screen and admitted the moonlight into the apartment, when, to their astonishment, the mat upon which they had been sleeping was slowly raised, and a figure emerged from a hole in the floor.

"Who are you?" demanded Orv.

For a moment the person appeared bewildered. However, after passing his hands across his forehead, he said:

"I am Benkei Yuzo, the father. I arrived here yesterday at sunset, and was shown into this room and knocked upon the head like a dog. I just now came to my senses and heard you speak. You are foreigners, are you not?"

"Yes," said Dan. "Our name is Fillamore; we are Americans."

"Then you know, my good son, Benkei Yuzo, who was a bonze?" said the new-comer, clasping his hands together. "I have been informed that you were coming from Iburi, and was on my way to meet you. Where did you leave my son?"

As the old man said this, Benkei gave vent to a terrific snore.

"There he is," said Dan; "he's welcoming you."

"Is that foreign gentleman my boy? Please do not waken the dear fellow," pleaded Mr. Benkei; "you might disarrange his elements." Adding, as he stooped and gazed at him, "Upon my word, I should not have known him! He looks like your brother."

The lads did not make any remark, as they attributed the observation to fatherly pride; though they could not understand the likeness between themselves and their friend.

"And you were a playmate of Benkei?" inquired Orville, after answering several questions about their journey. "I wonder you were not smothered."

Their visitor turned back the mat and revealed a hole like a shallow grave, and upon their searching further the horrified trio discovered a similar pit under each of the mats, two of the places containing dead bodies.

As they concluded their examination Ben awoke, and by the gray light of the dawn beheld his parent, who, instead of shaking hands and expressing his joy, he fell at the old man's feet and exclaimed:

"Oh, admirable sire, can you forgive your unworthy little son the trouble he has caused you since he was born?"

"A father's heart is always open to his child," said Mr. Benkei, just as we answer, "Pretty well, thank you." Then bidding his son rise, he calmly asked, "And have you give me a smoke? Lying in that hole has exhausted me."

"What hole?" said Ben, handing his father a pipe and some tobacco, and dutifully striking a light for him. "How came you to know we were here?"

Mr. Benkei began to smoke, and, between the puffs, said:

"Since we heard of the suppression of the temple of Iburi, your mother and I have done nothing but dream about you. And then, and then," He will first go to his uncle Seisoku, then stay a while with his uncle Hirano.' A week ago we both dreamed of the god Ema, and knew you were in trouble—probably poisoned by lacquer."

"How you know so *that*," said Ben to his friends.

"You laugh about dreams, but my father and mother learned of my sickness through a vision."

"How do you make that out?" inquired Orv.

"Why, the god Ema has a scarlet face, and I was scarlet," responded Ben. "Isn't that sufficient proof?"

"Yes, if you call that style of thing *proof*, it is," said Orv. "Come, let us take our baggage and go into the main apartment; the place is too much like a cemetery to suit my taste."

When Benkei learned about their discovery, and of his having slept over the insensible body of his father, he said, triumphantly:

"You laughed at me when I spoke about the ghosts. I was dreaming that I saw my parent in the grave."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to tell us that now," said Dan, "if you had mentioned it before, we might have had a little more faith in dreams; as it is, your explanation comes a little too late to convince us."

They called their attendants, and bidding them remove the bodies, sought out the colonel, to whom Mr. Benkei related his story, and when the room was inspected, the officer gave orders to again search every apartment in the inn.

Five living prisoners were discovered, bound hand and foot, and guarded, one of them a woman, who stated she had been in her hiding-place for several days.

After breakfast Benkei said he was well enough to ride on horseback, hearing which, the colonel told him he and his friends could take what animals they liked from the inn stables.

He paid the bearers of the norimono, and, accompanied by Orville, Dan and his father, proceeded to the rear building, where they selected six handsome ponies, and, finding their bearers lead two of them with the luggage, then bring the steeds round to the front of the inn.

"Have you taken as many as you want?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, thank you," said Orville.

"What are in those sacks?" inquired Dan, pointing to some blood-stained packages stacked in front of the edifice.

"These contain the robbers' heads," was the cool reply. "We've bagged over two hundred of them."

Orv led his brother aside and whispered to him:

"See here, Dan, we ain't going to travel with such freight as that. I do not think we need have any fear of highwaymen. Let us bid our friends here good-by and push on ahead."

In a short time the ponies were brought round, and they noticed their bearers had provided themselves with mounts, and that the trappings of the steeds were something gorgeous.

"Those formerly belonged to a traveling circus," said the lieutenant. "The wretches whose heads we have captured murdered every soul in the troops. You were wise in your selection; the animals are well trained and kindly in their dispositions."

"Why, do you have circuses in this country?" cried Orv.

"Oh, yes, we've had them for two thousand years," answered the officer.

As they were chatting about the matter, the colonel approached them and said:

"I am afraid we shall not be able to leave before noon. After what you discovered this morning, I do not like to fire the buildings until I have thoroughly examined all the walls. One of the people we found in the pits, under the floor mats, is an ex-Daimio. If you wish I will give you a mounted escort."

"No, thank you," replied Orv, shaking his headache stick. "I believe we can take care of ourselves. We are grateful to you for saving our lives, and will now bid you good-by."

Ten minutes afterward they were far from the inn and well on their way to Tochigi.

First rode Orville and Dan, who alternately bore the flag, then came the two Benkeis, chatting about their family affairs, and behind them the bearers, each of whom led a pony piled up with baggage.

By midday they had cleared the mountain range and were in the Province of Shimotsuke, and the next afternoon entered the suburbs of Tochigi.

"Now, then," said Orv, let's ride four abreast; here comes a procession. If we don't look imposing the people will not think anything of us."

Unfortunately for the travelers' dignity, the cavalcade in front of them proved to be a circus parade, and when the band began to play the ponies commenced all manner of tricks, finally getting rid of their riders and leaving Orville and Dan in the dust, Ben and his father in a dye-shop, and the baggage and bearers all over the place.

"Orv," muttered Dan, as they dusted their clothes, "I don't think we've succeeded in looking very imposing—do you?"

"Never mind," said Orv; "we've made a big sensation."

CHAPTER XLVII.

BENKEI'S FATHER SUFFERS FROM THIRST.

ALTHOUGH the men, women and children composing the crowd laughed until their sides ached over the comical figures cut by the travelers, they did not steal any of their effects, and when the procession had passed, helped to catch the dancing steeds and restore all the baggage.

"Hello, Ben," said Dan; "you look blue, old man."

"So would you if you had been pitched headfirst into a dyer's vat," ruefully answered the good-natured fellow, adding, in a whisper, "I'm afraid my bonds were all spoilt. I have them secured about my body."

"Where's your father?" asked Orville.

"He is worse off than myself," answered Ben. "His horse dropped him into a vat full of mordant as thick as paste. The dyer's people are washing him down. He'll have to buy a suit of clothes."

"The luggage is all right," said one of the bearers. "Which inn are you going to?"

"The nearest," said Orv; "the sooner our friend gets indoors the better."

"Never mind waiting for father," said Benkei. "I'll fetch him after I have changed my garments."

"If you want a good inn, go to the Royal Iris," said a bystander. "It is on the street of the Goat's Beard, near by."

The boys remounted, and the crowd parted in order to let them pass.

When they arrived at the inn, the party were welcomed by a beautiful woman, the landlady, and a bevy of handsome waitresses. The travelers enjoyed a bath, after which they asked Ben about his bonds.

"All right," he replied. "I packed them in a piece of oiled-paper, and they are not even stained."

"I am glad of that," said Dan; "but how about your suit?"

"I dare say we can buy American-shaped clothes here," said Ben, pointing out into the street, in which they saw several Japanese who were dressed in foreign costume. "My father says one-half the people in Tokio have given up their national costume and adopted coats and pants. I'll buy him an outfit and take him back to my mother in style."

The brothers did not say anything to this, though they anticipated some fun over it, and after Ben had departed Orville sent for the landlord and inquired the nearest way to the telegraph-office.

"It is at the other end of the city," was the answer; "would you like a norimono or a hago?"

"Neither, thank you," replied Orv. "If you will provide us with a guide, we will walk there."

"Walk!" ejaculated the man. "Noble gentlemen like yourselves must not think of doing such a thing. You will be mobbed by mendicants."

"We are not nobles, my friend," said Dan. "Just send some one with us and we'll chance the beggars."

"My son shall accompany you," he said. "I see your customs and ours are not the same."

When the boy came, Orville and Dan followed him, and were quite pleased with what they saw, the only drawback being the cadgers and cripples, who were not only numerous but peculiar in their appearance.

"Gentlemen," said the little boy, "if you don't want these wretches to follow you, pay their leader and he will stop their importunity."

"Where is he?" said Orv.

The child pointed to a well-dressed man, who was a little in front of them, and beckoned him to approach, which he did, saying:

"I am the person who will attend to this for you. My fee is ten thousand cash." ($1.00.)

They paid the sum, and instantly, at a sign from the chief, the supplicants vanished; nor did the boys see any more of them during their stay in the city.

They would probably not have been so much astonished at this had they known how the business was worked.

As soon as they had arrived at their hotel the landlord sent off a messenger to the chief of the beggars, saying:

"Hurry up your crowd, Gongi, and bring them all here; there are a couple of foreign savages at my inn, and they have plenty of money. Mind, I want a share of whatever they give you."

About four o'clock the boys arrived at the telegraph office, and upon giving their names to the clerk, the latter said:

"I am glad to see you. Here is a dispatch from Tokio and another from Awonori."

"Now for it," said Dan, as Orville opened the first message, which was from the American Minister, and ran as follows:

"I cannot send you any information; you must come on to Tokio and give proofs of your being the persons I want."

"I suppose he's right," grumbled Orv. "Though I don't think any one would endeavor to pass themselves off for us. We must hurry up."

"We shall have to stay for a day or so at Saitama," said Dan. "Ben's father will give a feast in honor of his return, and we cannot expect him to leave directly. This business puzzles me. Of course the American Minister is correct in not communicating to us until he is certain we are the right people. There surely isn't anything wrong at home. What's in the other envelope, brother?"

Orville opened the communication and read:

"Dear boys, I have been telegraphing all along the line for you. Let us know how you are. The operator will send your message free—don't make it too lengthy. Your friend JIM KIDDER."

The lads consulted, then dispatched the following reply: "DEAR JIM.—We are hunkey. ORVILLE and DAN."

"I'll send that right away," said the clerk. "Jim is an old friend of mine; he taught me telegraphy. How long do you stay in the city?"

"We leave early to-morrow morning," said Orv. "Both of us are anxious to reach Tokio."

Upon their return to the inn they found Benkei and his father, dressed in American suits of loud pattern check, in which the old gentleman appeared terribly uncomfortable.

"What do you think of my purchases?" inquired Ben, in English. "Please compliment my good parent or he'll tear his garments off."

"You look quite like an American, Mr. Benkei," said Dan to the old man. "Don't you think our style of costume is a great improvement on your own?"

Ben's father rubbed his legs and squirmed uncomfortably, murmuring:

"I am afraid I am past the age to adapt myself to these luxuries. An old dog does not easily learn new tricks. I think a little *sake* would make my clothes set better."

"He's in the business," whispered Benkei to Orville.

"What do you mean?" was the response.

"Why, my father makes *sake*; did not you know it?" answered the young man. "I told him your dislike for intoxicating beverages, and he said he would try and not take any while with you."

"Please tell him not to put himself out on our account," said Orv. "Don't you think it's rather cruel of you to make him wear those things? He'll rub himself all to pieces."

"That's so," mused Benkei; "still, if I am going to enter the employ of the Mikado, it will only be correct for my father to adopt this style of outfit. His skin is tough, and will bear considerable friction. Won't you ask him to have a little *sake*? He will be much pleased by your doing so."

Orville complied, and Mr. Benkei answered:

"As you are so very pressing, I will oblige you. To tell the truth, my skin is cracking for a drink. The people here sell *sake* of my making, and I can recommend it to you very strongly."

Orv called a waitress and bade her bring some of the liquor, and when she had departed, said to Mr. Benkei:

"You will please excuse our joining you; we do not drink anything that is intoxicating."

"Oh, my brew will not harm you," he smilingly replied. "However, if you have any scruples about it, my son and I will drink your share."

In a short time a waitress appeared, bearing a metal apparatus that looked like a glue-pot, the *sake* being drank hot, and served in a vessel surrounded with scalding water.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "you Americans may drink tea, but we Japanese will tickle our throats with this delicious beverage."

The boys watched the old man and his son empty kettle after kettle of the *sake*, and noticed that Mr. Benkei was gradually removing all his clothes, so bade their friends good night and retired to their own room.

"Dan," said Orv, "I'm afraid Ben's father isn't setting his son a good example."

"That's his affair," answered Dan. "Their heads will ache badly enough to-morrow. I have always thought Ben rather partial to *sake*."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BENKEI'S MOTHER.

WHEN the brothers arose the next morning they did not hear any one stirring in Ben's room, so Orville whispered to Dan

"Let us order the horses to come to the door, then awaken the topers, and see if they won't be ashamed of themselves. It will be a good lesson for them if they lose their breakfast."

Dan entered into this plot with great glee, and after requesting the landlord not to disturb the sleepers, the boys ate the meal, paid their bill, and as soon as their steeds were at the door, proceeded to their friends' room.

"Come in," cheerfully remarked the old man. "So you are dressed, are you? My son and I did not arouse you when we went for our bath. We got up about five o'clock, and since that time have breakfasted, enjoyed a good walk and a chat about your journey. When you have eaten we are ready to resume our progress. If we push on at once we can reach my house this afternoon."

"Yes," said Ben. "I'd like to be at home to-morrow, because it's a *matsuri* (festival), and my sisters and my cousins and my aunts are sure to be there. What are you staring at, chums?"

Dan beckoned him to come outside, and inquired, in a low tone:

"Say, how many kettles of *saké* did you finish last night?"

"Let me see," chuckled Ben; "seven or eight. You ought to have had some; it was splendid."

"Benkei," solemnly remarked Orville, "let me entreat you, as a good friend, to relinquish drinking; it will only end in your becoming a miserable old man. Doesn't your head ache this morning?"

"Head ache?" he laughingly replied; "do you imagine my father makes such stuff as my uncle and his friends drank at the hanami at Wakamatsu? Oh, I suppose you thought our heads would be swelled this morning. I'll tell you what I'll do, dear boys; if you will promise me never again to touch milk in any shape, I will give up drinking *saké*."

"You ask too much," said Dan, indignantly.

"All right," promptly added Ben. "I think you do the same. You have your way and I'll have mine. I only drink what is good for me; besides, my father is in the business, and it would be undutiful of me not to patronize his brew. I tell you what I'll do: you go to the States, I'll never taste that abominable stuff you call whisky, or drink rum."

"Very well," said Orv; "shake hands, old fellow; it's a bargain. Will you kindly oblige us by not mentioning what we have said to your father?"

Ben rolled his eyes, twitched his mouth and whispered:

"We suspected what you thought, though, if you had not mentioned it I should never have spoken to you about it. We do not consider it good manners to lecture our friends upon their actions."

* * *

"That's one for us," said Orville, good-temperedly. "We deserve it, Ben. It strikes me we have often been wanting in politeness to you."

"No, indeed," answered the young man; "your ways are rougher than ours, and we do not express our thoughts as bluntly as you do. It is quite right for you to decline *saké*, but will you kindly, in future, not speak so contemptuously about it before my parent? It hurts his feelings. Remember he is in the business."

The boys laughed and gave the required pledge, then told Ben they had breakfasted and had ordered their horses.

"All right," he said, "I will inform my father."

Ten minutes afterward they were crying *Sai-o-nara* to their landlady and her attendants, and were on their way to Saitima.

Their road that day lay between cotton-fields, and in many places was overshadowed with mulberry-trees, some of which, Mr. Benkei informed them, were over two hundred years old. They also saw many groves of persimmon-trees, laden with their russet fruit, the latter, when dried, somewhat resembling a fig.

At noon they halted for a short rest at an inn, where the people recognized young Benkei and insisted upon his drinking numerous cups of *saké*, the landlady remarking:

"Yuzo, you look handsome! I so much admire men who have courage enough to wear their hair as nature intended. You are now no longer a Buddhist, and must become a Shinto, like all the rest of the Emperor's supporters. I lost my husband helping to restore the Mikado, and want to see the old state of things wiped out. It all goes well, we women will soon have the same rights as you men."

"You ought to go to my country, madam," said Dan.

"I'm contented to remain here," she cried, "though I would admire to dress as your ladies do."

"You look very beautiful as you are, ma'am," said Orv.

The woman bowed low, and offering him a cup of tea, proudly answered:

"The glory of Japan shall shine beyond the seas. They tell me your ladies have adopted our style of garments. We have a saying, 'When a stranger from afar admires one's beauty, we may safely think ourselves passably good-looking';" then, repeating her obeisance, added, "*Sai-o-nara.*"

After leaving the inn, the *cortège* proceeded at full speed, and never slackened rein until they reached the suburbs of Saitama, which they found crowded with holiday folks coming in for the *matsuri*.

Many of the people saluted Mr. Benkei, and the boys soon found he was a person of importance in the place.

"Here," cried Ben, no longer able to restrain his impatience, "let me go on ahead and see my mother; I am longing to behold her."

ORVILLE AND DAN.—"THE WORDS HAD SCARCELY PASSED HIS LIPS WHEN A NUMBER OF ARMED MEN SUDDENLY APPEARED, AS THOUGH OUT OF THE GROUND, AND ADVANCED UPON THEM WITH MENACING GESTURES."—SEE PAGE 358.

Of course, his friends did not object to this, and permitted him to precede them, Mr. Benkei observing:

"We will ride round by the principal street and give my wife time to shed her joy-tears. Yuzo has been for years like one dead to us. We thought it a brave thing to make a bonze of him, but regretted it the moment after we had announced our decisions. One thing is good, Yazayemon left him a thumping legacy. When he goes to Tokio he can buy a gold watch and chain, and a tall American hat, and hold his head up with the best of them."

They inspected the principal streets, and were greatly interested in the preparations for the festival, which was to be given in honor of the silk crop, while Mr. Benkei smiled, and murmured to himself:

"Good! good! Won't there be oceans of my *saké* drank to-morrow?" Then, as they turned into a by-street, he reined in his pony, and pointing to a large establishment, said to his companions, "That is my shop; my house is in the rear. Follow me. Never mind the crowd; they won't let the horses step upon them."

The street was almost impassable, on account of the people who were fetching *saké* for the festival, and as the merchant cleared a passage for his friends, his customers shouted:

"Ten thousand congratulations upon the return of your son!"

Mr. Benkei acknowledged these compliments, and addressing the surging mass of humanity, said:

"My good friends, these are two American princes, who have escorted my boy from Ibari. In their honor, and out of gratitude for the return of my Yuzo, I will to-morrow give away to all who come a cup of my best *saké*, and continue to do so until sunset."

This speech was received with a yell of gratitude, while the boys, remembering that the old man was Ben's father, did not say anything about his calling them his son's escort, though Orville whispered to Dan:

"I hope he won't make anybody intoxicated in our honor. He knows how to advertise, don't he?"

They rode down a narrow lane, and dismounting, passed through a beautiful garden and entered a well-built house; in the reception-hall of which they saw Benkei, surrounded by ladies.

"Ah-ha!" he cried, "dear boys," rising and leading forward a venerable-looking dame; "welcome to my father's house. This is the admirable woman whose son I have the happiness to be."

Knowing how pleased Benkei would feel if they followed the Japanese custom, Orville and Dan prostrated themselves before the lady and bowed their heads nine times, which so affected her that she wept, and said:

"Ah, you must be good sons, for you respect the mother of your friend. Yuzo has told us all about you."

The brothers rose to their feet, and were introduced to her daughters as follows:

"This is my eldest girl, Sin" (a charm), she said, presenting a merry girl, whose eyes snapped with fun, "and this is Tenjin (angel)."

"They are both well named," said Orville, politely.

"These young ladies," she continued, indicating the bevy of fair maids about her, "are their cousins. Now please come into the next room and refresh yourself."

At that instant Mr. Benkei entered, and on seeing him his wife uttered a scream and exclaimed:

"Oh, you dreadful lamb (stupid) what have you been doing to yourself? Your back and limbs are like bows. What ails you?"

"Don't you see," he tartly responded, "I have become Americanized?"

The laugh that followed this announcement was too much for the old gentleman, who made a beeline for the door of his sleeping-apartment, while his wife, following him with her eyes, turned to the girls and significantly remarked:

"It's quite right for my son to dress like a foreign prince, but for my husband to do such a thing is ridiculous. He looks as if he had swallowed a string and drawn himself up tight."

As the boys seated themselves upon the floor of the dining-apartment and began their meal, Mr. Benkei entered in Japanese costume, and whispered to them, as he took his place:

"My wife is right. I think I am too old to wear pants."

Orville nodded, and replied:

"Yes, sir, my father used to say no one gave him such good advice as my mother."

CHAPTER XLIX.

ON TO TOKIO.

ORVILLE and Dan soon discovered that Mrs. Benkei was the master of the establishment, and though her husband manufactured *saké*, she kept her eye on the kettle and would neither permit him nor her son to take more than a certain quantity.

When the meal was over the party retired to the reception-room, where they found a number of Ben's male relatives, who, after the travelers were introduced, asked them to relate the particulars of their journey.

"Our friend, Benkei Yuzo, must do that," said Orville. "You will understand him better, and he is a finer speaker than either of us."

Ben, who was smoking, protested against what they had said. However, his words were unavailing, and they insisted upon his commencing at once, which he did in a modest way, speaking all the time concerning the bravery of Orville and Dan, and never referring to his own actions.

Sometimes the audience laughed and clapped their hands, and at others the women wept and looked sympathetically at the two Americans, who felt uncomfortable to hear themselves thus praised at the expense of their companion, and when the latter ended his description, Orville rose, saying:

"My dear friends, you have heard what myself and brother have done; now permit me to tell you something of your brave relative. From the hour we first made his acquaintance he has been courteous, affectionate, true-hearted, patient and like a brother to us. In our native conceit we have sometimes forgotten how much he excels us in true nobility of character, and have, without thinking of his feelings, made fun of many things he has held in respect. When we leave Japan, we shall take with us a grateful remembrance of your people and above all, of our gallant, good friend, Benkei Yuzo."

As Orville resumed his seat, Dan started up, exclaiming:

"I agree with every word uttered by my brother, and hope, in addition, when we start for our home our friend will accompany us, that we may show him some return for his great kindness. Had it not been for him we should never have mastered your language, and the wonderful things we have learned would have still been mysteries to us."

After this speech, Benkei responded, saying that he had merely done his duty to strangers who had treated him most kindly, then turning to Orville, begged he would give them a tune upon the *samisen* (banjo).

The evening was passed in singing, dancing and speech-making, a few remarks by Mrs. Benkei being both witty and to the point.

As the brothers retired to rest, Dan said:

"It will be a thousand pities to hurry Ben away for a day or two. I propose we stay here until the end of the week."

"All right," replied Orville; "Benkei has never hesitated to sacrifice his comfort to secure ours, and though I am anxious to hear the news from home, I agree with you. It is only right we should remain here a while."

At daybreak they were awakened by the yells of the people in the front street, where the multitude were already enjoying their free drinks of *saké* and uttering frantic cheers for the *Be-kokujin* (American men).

"Are you awake?" said Ben, rapping on the paper partition of their room. "Slip on your clothes, and come out and see the *fun*."

The boys followed him, and entering the warehouse by a little door, ascended to a gallery, from whence they beheld a most repulsive sight.

All the back of the store were a number of enormous round vats, containing many thousand gallons of the liquid, and upon a long, low, stone counter, in the centre of the place, were several huge copper vessels, in which the beverage was being heated. The steaming drink was drawn off into kettles, and from them poured into tiny cups, which were passed over the heads of those who were not fortunate enough to be in the front line.

"And you call this fun, do you, Benkei?" said Orville, in a low tone, as he glanced down upon the densely-packed, heated crowd and the perspiring attendants. "How much is a cup of *saké* worth?"

"Ten cash," answered Ben. "I think it is amusing to see those grasping fellows next the counter bent double with the weight of people behind them. They are regular old soakers, and will stay there until sunset, in order to secure more than their allowance. See the boys walking on the people's shoulders and passing the trays to their friends in the street. It's always the case when we give a treat of this kind; all the city, and the farmers for miles round, crowd in to avail themselves of our generosity. No news travels so far as that announcing a free drink."

"Do you mean to tell me those people submit to that dreadful inconvenience for the sake of a drop of liquor worth the tenth part of a cent?" said Dan.

"Is it possible?"

"Bless you, yes!" nodded Ben. "When you come to regard it in that light it is rather disgusting. See how they fight and struggle to attract the attention of the servers. I suppose my father is used to it, and does not look at the matter as we do. It's enough to make one vow never to touch the stuff again."

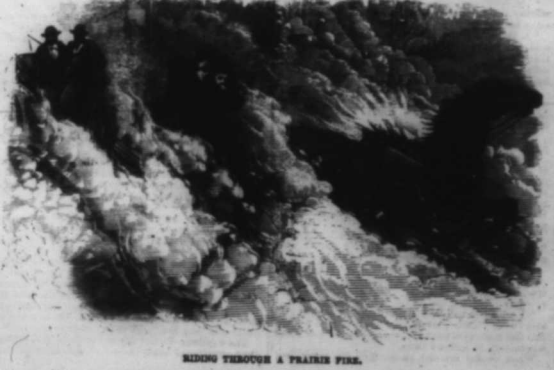
"Then why don't you do it?" urged Dan. "Just take another look at that charming assembly, and promise us never to become like them."

The young man gazed downward, sniffed at the horrible smell that rose from below, and turning to his friend, said:

"I have taken my last cup of *saké*. As you say, it is a fearful thing for men to lower themselves as these are doing."

"Good enough!" cried Orville, shaking him by the hand.

"Yes, good enough," said Dan, following his brother's example. "You will not only benefit yourself, but help make your fellow-creatures better by giving up the habit."



RIDING THROUGH A PRAIRIE FIRE.

They quitted the place, and on reaching the house were met by Ben's father, who was evidently the worse for his morning's draught.

"Come and see the brewery," he said. "You must take a cup with me!"

The trio followed him into a big building, in which they saw gigantic vats filled with a sickening mass of wort, which smelt anything but pleasant.

The old man steadied himself against a pillar and said, in a grand tone:

"My ferment is made of the best rice. The grain is first washed, then steamed for several hours and spread out on mats to cool; when it is blood-warm, it is mixed with rice that is full of fungus, and left to grow. This way, I will show you some."

He opened the door of an apartment, in which the boys beheld a mass of damp rice, covered with a bluish mold, which gave out a most offensive odor.

"Isn't that stuff poisonous?" said Dan.

"Oh, no," hiccoughed the *saké*-maker; "it is prime! We add some of this to every vat of sour wort, and keep it hot for eight days, when it becomes bitter; then we cool it and stop the fermentation. In January we make immense quantities of sweet wort, and mix it with the old stuff, in big vessels, leaving it until it smells like wine; then put it in bags, which we press. The liquor that runs out is first-class *saké*, and is barreled; the remains of the grain we distill, and turn into *shōchi* (sweet brandy). Now come into this place and taste some of my brew. It will make your eyes sparkle."

The boys begged to be excused.

On hearing which the old man said to his son:

"Well, you won't say no?"

"Indeed I must," said Ben, *respectfully*; "I have pledged my word never to taste *saké* again."

"What!" he exclaimed, in an indignant tone. "Would you thus *dishonor your father's business?*"

The young man hesitated a moment, then replied:

"My honored parent, I do not wish any longer to muddle my brains with drink, and beg you will respect my vow."

For a while the old man regarded him with a furious look, after which he said:

"Go, I disown you! I see how it is; your American acquaintances have taught you to wear uncomfortable garments and to insult the honorable trade of your ancestors. I am now without a son."

As he uttered this last speech, Mrs. Benkoi hurriedly entered the place, and addressing her husband, said:

"Yuno is right! This drink is a curse, not only to those who use it, but to its makers! A riot has just occurred in your shop—four of your people and a great number of your guests have been killed, many more wounded, and the authorities are in charge of the premises."

This news sobered Mr. Benkoi, as, by Japanese law, he was responsible for the lives taken on his premises.

"Yuno," he said to his son, "I am sorry for my hasty expressions."

"Do not mention it, my father," said Ben; "let this be a warning. If you escape the consequences, give up the business."

"Gentlemen," said Mrs. Benkoi to Orv and Dan, "and you, my boys, it is not safe for you to remain here. I have told your servants to convey your baggage to the stables of the Peachbloom Inn. Farewell! I will write you in a few days. Listen! the officers are calling your father's name. Escape by the back entrance. The *saké* was distributed in your honor, and you may have to share my husband's responsibility."

There was no time to say good-by, and within ten minutes they had mounted their steeds and were on their way to Tokio.

Fortunately, the streets of Saitama were crowded with holiday-seekers, and in the confusion the travelers got away without being molested.

"Ah!" replied Benkoi, as they rode side by side, "had it not been for *saké* we might, for a few days, have enjoyed the society of my family. Now I fear for my poor father's head."

About eleven o'clock they began to ascend the spur of a mountain, upon reaching the crest of which Orville, Dan, Benkoi and the bearers reined in their steeds, and glancing southward, uttered an exclamation of delight.

They were in sight of Fuji-yama, the cone of which glistened like silver in the midday sun.

For some moments the boys were unable to express their admiration; however, after a while Orville removed his hat and said:

"This alone is worth coming thousands of miles to behold. Fuji is a beautiful mountain."

"Yes," said Dan, "it is worthy of the praise bestowed upon it. Like our Falls of Niagara, it is one of the most glorious objects in the world."

They regarded it a long time, and with the cautious sense still in view rode down into the plain, and by four o'clock entered the suburbs of Tokio.

"Why, this place is like New York," said Orv, as they turned into the Saitarada Avenue. "Look at the magnificent buildings."

"And the police in uniform, the gas-lamps, and the American carriages," said Dan. "I wonder where our minister lives."

They halted in front of one of the government buildings and inquired of a sentry, who gave them the information they required, and in a short time they drew up their cavalcade in front of a mansion above which fluttered the Stars and Stripes.

"What is your pleasure?" said a servant, as he advanced to receive their ponies.

They told him who they were, and leaving Benkoi, were conducted into a reception-room, and from thence, after a little delay, to the presence of the minister, who, when he had shaken hands with them and questioned the lads, said:

"Yes, I am convinced you are the Fillamore boys. Now seat yourselves while I communicate your parents' message."

(To be continued.)

"Orville and Dan" was commenced in No. 857.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.—"THE STEEL CLASHED, AND THE TWO BLADES WERE WORKED RAPIDLY. YOSK WAS AN EXCELLENT SWORDSMAN, BUT HE SOON PERCEIVED THAT WILL WAS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR HIM."

RIDING THROUGH FLAMES.

THERE was a church opening at Woodlands, Manitoba, last week, and the clergymen who participated in the ceremony, on the trip home to Winnipeg, had an adventure. A prairie fire was raging furiously, and a strong wind blew the flames directly toward them. The Rev. Messrs. Fortin and Matheson, who were in a high buggy, escaped with a slight singeing of their whiskers, but the Rev. Canon O'Meara, who, with Mrs. O'Meara, was driving in a low buckboard, had his whiskers scorched, and his face burned, and Mrs. O'Meara's veil, which covered her face, caught fire more than once. The horses' manes and tails were singed.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

GEORGE H. KITCHING,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEORGE H. KITCHING enjoys the honor of holding a high rank in scholarship in the first class of Grammar School No. 16, Wilson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. This is the school under the care of Leonard Dunkly, Esq., as Principal, and which is well-known as one of the largest and best conducted schools of Brooklyn. In the three departments there are about two thousand pupils. George H. Kitching was born in Brooklyn, February 13th, 1864, making him over fifteen years of age. He is the son of George E. and Anna M. Kitching. When about six years old he commenced his studies in one of the schools of his native city, and at length became a pupil in the second primary class of No. 16. He is now in the studies of the highest class, where he makes a monthly per centage of ninety-four. He has been at the head of other classes, and his general record during the long period that he has been in the school is greatly to his credit. He is a youth of pleasant manners and manly appearance. He has a head with a large development in the upper portion, and his features are all regular and expressive. That he will grow up a finished gentleman in his habits and taste no one can doubt, and that he will have advanced culture of mind is not less evident. In his case surely a noble youth will expand into an influential manhood.

GEORGE H. KITCHING, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LOUISA RAPP,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, HEYWARD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LOUISA RAPP is an exceedingly modest while an exceedingly smart girl. She is now making one hundred per cent. in the first class of Grammar School No. 23, Heyward Street, near Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Here, sir," said Mr. Priddy, the Principal of the school, when introducing this pupil to us, "is a scholar who never fails. She is very regular in attendance, and studies with great diligence and success." At these good words, and being also in the presence of a stranger, Louisa testified no little emotion. Noticing it, the Principal continued: "You see how modest and even diffident she is, but when in her class she is prompt and self-possessed." Louisa Rapp was born in this city, April 6th, 1865, making her fourteen years of age. She is the daughter of John and Louisa Rapp. When seven years old she commenced going to a primary school in New York, and at length, having removed to Brooklyn, entered No. 23, in the intermediate Department. She is amiable, with much natural intelligence and ambition. Consequently, she has shown herself a meritorious pupil throughout. She has a well-informed mind and a sincere heart. With all the simplicity of a child, she has the reflection of older years. Grammar School No. 23 is under the experienced care of James Priddy, as Principal, and has on register about fourteen hundred pupils of both sexes.

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA;

Or,

The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MEETING.

NEXT morning, soon after partaking of their frugal breakfast, the snowbound party in the cave fancied they heard a strange noise outside.

They ran to the entrance, and looking up, became aware that there was some person struggling in the snow above their heads.

Half-smothered gasps were followed by the falling of masses of snow in the space which they had cleared near the entrance of their retreat.

"Some one has tumbled in the drift from above," cried Will. "He will perish, whoever he is, unless we help him."

"How we are to do that I cannot imagine," said Brian, "as we cannot climb up to him through the drift."

Meanwhile the gasping noise continued. Mass after mass of snow came falling down.

All at once a pair of boots were seen dangling down into the cleared space in front of the entrance of the cave.

"There he is!" cried Brian.

"Yes," responded Will; "something must hold him above, otherwise he would fall."

"Can you reach his boots?" said Brian, as he made a vain effort to do so. "I cannot. I am not tall enough."

Will found that he could not reach so high with his arms.

"One of the horses!" he suddenly cried; "by standing on that I can reach the boots."

Marina brought forward one of the animals. Will got upon it and held up his arms.

By making a slight upward leap he succeeded in grasping the boots, to which, as the horse now walked off from under him, he hung with a tenacious grasp.

All at once there was a snapping sound, followed by a half-smothered cry, and down came Will with the person to whose legs he had been clinging, both falling upon their seats in the snow beneath them, the rescued man in the boy's lap, his short legs flying up over his protuberant paunch.

Around his waist the broken part of a rope was secured.

"Hallos!" shouted Will, laughing. "Let me up."

The head and face of the new-comer, thus unceremoniously introduced, were so thickly powdered with snow that his features could not at first be distinguished.

As soon, however, as he had regained his breath, he arose, and shaking the snow from his hair and face, revealed the face of Peter Lowzi!

Both boys uttered a simultaneous cry of surprise, while Peter stood eying them with astonishment.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "How did this happen? I left you in the barracks."

"And we left the barracks," said Brian, coolly. "That accounts for our being here."

"Escaped!" said Peter, furiously; "where were my guards?"

"You must ask them when you get back," said Brian, with the same provoking coolness. "How fares your suit with my sister?" he added sarcastically.

"By the head of the great Alexander, don't provoke me!" cried Peter, fiercely. "It is enough that for three days and nights I have vainly looked for your sister. She has eloped with Captain York!"

"I am glad you did not find her," said Brian. "And now be so kind as to tell me why you were burrowing in the snow above us?"

"Well, then, if you must know," said Peter, "as I was moving along the rocks above the drift, over this place, I fancied I hard the voice of a woman down under the snow. It was faint, but I was sure I had heard it. Knowing by that that some person was under the snow, and hoping that it might prove to be Minne, I made preparations for burrowing.

"I had with me a rope, which I had brought with me after my horse fell and died, for the cursed brute chose to die from hard riding, on the day after I started on my pursuit.

"On the day after the pourra came on, I reached rocks of the height bordering the valley, and it was while working my way along to-day that I heard the woman's voice under me.

"Tying one end of the rope about a spur of rock, I secured the other part to my waist, and endeavored to force my way down.

"Unfortunately, I had left the rope too short, and the consequence was that I was nearly smothered to death in the snow after I had gone a certain depth."

"Well, here you are at last," said Brian, "and I am glad to meet you, as I have an account to settle with you."

He spoke in a hard, rasping voice, and his eyes glistened.

"I have an account also to settle with him," said Will.

Peter looked contemptuously from one to the other.

"I know what you mean," he said, "and I am ready to accommodate you both."

"Rascal! the hard labor to which you have subjected us has at least had one merit," said Brian. "It has toughened our muscles so as to enable us to inflict worse punishment on you than we might otherwise have done."

"Nonsense! it requires little muscle to pull the trigger of a pistol!"

"And do you suppose that we would honor you by fighting you with such a weapon as that?" inquired Brian. "No; a good fist is better for you, so put yourself on your guard."

With that the boy struck the Russian a blow on the face.

LOUISA RAPP, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 23, HEYWARD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Peter put his hand to his breast-pocket and drew forth a pistol, but Will snatched it from his grasp ere he could make use of it.

Thus baffled in his intention, Peter rolled up his sleeves, and, having some knowledge of the pugilistic art, struck out at his opponent.

Both fought with dogged resolution.

The young Englishman delivered his blows with a precision and power which soon told upon the Russian, who, finding that Brian was getting the better of him, now closed with him.

They were about equally matched in strength, but Brian was the more active of the two.

He threw his adversary, who, clinging to him, drew him down with him.

Rolling over and over, the twain continued their combat on the ground.

Peter was soon so badly punished that he sprang away from his opponent, holding up his hands for him to desist.

"And now," said Brian, as soon as he had cleared his face of all traces of the combat by washing it with snow, "we will leave this place in the care of our friend Peter."

"But how can we leave it?" said Will.

"Peter has some of his rope with him. You can see the broken end of the other part up there in the snow. We must fasten the two parts together, when we can climb up to the rocks from which he descended. Fortunately, by descending as he did, he has left an opening through which we can climb. After we get up there, we can clear away the drift in front of the cave, so that Marina can come out. We can also then take out our horses."

"But do you think we can pass out of the valley even then?"

"I hope so. In my opinion the snow has not drifted anywhere else in the valley as it has done about the entrance of this cave.

"Peter can tell us," said Will. "How is that, Peter?" he added, turning to that person.

"There is not much snow in the valley, except in this one place," said the Russian, sullkily.

"Then we can go," said Will, joyfully.

One of the horses was led beneath the hole in the snow.

Brian took the piece of rope which had been fastened about Peter, and secured it firmly to the part above, which now dangled within easy reach of his hands.

Then he commenced the ascent.

This he accomplished without much difficulty, pushing aside the snow with his arms as he proceeded.

Will followed, while Marina sat in a distant corner of the cave, not caring to speak to Peter, when she should be left alone with him.

From the rock the boys, looking down into the valley below, perceived that in many places the ground was almost clear, most all of the snow having been carried off and piled at one or two points.

Descending from the rock, the two friends proceeded to clear away the drift about the cave with the branches of a pine, cut from one of the trees on the side of the elevation.

In about an hour they had made to the cave a passage sufficiently wide for the horses.

Marina was glad enough to see them when they appeared before her, for Peter had begun to address a few sullen, threatening words to her while they were absent.

Of this, however, she said nothing to the twain, fearing a repetition of the unpleasant scene which had already been enacted before her.

"Now, Peter," said Will, "we are going to leave you alone in your glory."

"My pistol!" cried the young Russian. "I will thank you to give it back to me."

"I will leave it in the cave where you can pick it up after you shall have liberated yourself."

"Liberated myself? What do you mean?"

"Only that we are going to make you fast to a spur of rock. In good time—say in a couple of hours—you can free yourself."

"You will leave me here to starve to death?"

"By no means. I shall tie your hands in such a way that they may be unfastened in time by a little extra labor on your part—by hard work, for instance, such as you had to perform in the mines."

Peter, in spite of his remonstrances, was then made fast to a rugged projection.

"I can never unfasten myself!" he yelled, as the party mounted and rode off.

"A little perseverance will do it," answered Will, looking back. "You will find your pistol in the middle of the cave, and I hope it may do you much good when you get it."

The party were soon out of the valley.

Marina, riding on ahead, struck into a road leading away to the north and east.

They had proceeded about ten miles when they were accosted by an armed guard.

The young girl's pass, however, proved entirely satisfactory.

On they went, and at length they found themselves in a narrow path that led them through a deep wood.

"Now," said Marina, "we had better halt for dinner."

They had just finished their meal when a tramping sound fell upon the quick ears of the young girl.

"A horse!" she cried.

"Are you sure there is but one?"

"Only one," replied Marina; "and therefore I am certain we have nothing to fear."

The party continued their way, but they had not gone far when a ringing voice was heard:

"Halt!"

The voice came from behind a rock not twenty feet ahead of them.

It was followed by the appearance of a horseman, who held a pistol pointed toward the trio.

The latter uttered a simultaneous cry of surprise.

The person before them was the Russian officer, Captain Vosk!

Stern and fierce he sat upon his horse, his piercing gaze fixed upon the boys.

The latter drew the revolvers with which Marina had provided them, at the same time stopping their horses.

"You had better let us pass," said Brian, "or so much the worse for you."

"First, he shall tell us where he has left Miss Lewis!" shouted Will, angrily.

A contemptuous smile appeared about the bearded lips of the young officer.

"What, am I to be dictated to by a couple of schoolboys? Upon my word this is something new. Surrender, both of you, or I will blow your brains out!"

"You perceive, we have the best of you," said Brian, as the two boys covered the Russian with their revolvers; "so you may as well answer my friend's question, and then make no objection to our moving on."

"Never! You are my prisoners. I will have no further words with you!"

Drawing his sword with one hand, and pointing his pistol with the other, he dashed toward the party.

"Do you surrender or not?" he inquired, as he came on.

"Not to you," replied Will.

The Russian pulled the trigger of his pistol, but, fortunately for Will, the weapon did not go off.

At the same moment, Brian, ranging alongside of the enraged officer, who now raised his sword, dashed him from his horse with a powerful blow on the head from the butt of his heavy revolver.

In a moment both boys had dismounted.

"Where is my sister?" said Brian, fiercely.

"I have nothing to say," replied Vosk, as he rose.

"Rascal, what have you done with her?" cried Will.

"Fool! do you suppose I would harm her?" said the Russian.

"So you will not answer our question?" said Brian.

"No, not if I die for it!"

"We are not cowards!" said Brian. "We now have you between our revolvers, so that we could shoot you down if we wished, but such is not our intention.

"Give me your sword," said Will.

"You can have it," said the Russian, in fierce and haughty rage, as he made a sweeping blow at the neck of the boy.

Will avoided it by dodging; then he rushed quickly forward, dealing the officer a blow on the wrist which knocked his sword from his grasp.

This he doubtless could not have accomplished so easily had not his opponent slightly sprained his hand in falling from his horse.

"You are wholly in our power now," said Will, quietly; "but we will not take advantage of you. Tell us where Miss Lewis is and we will let you go."

"I will never tell you that."

"Yes, you will not!"

"No."

"Then you shall fight me!" said the boy.

The officer laughed.

"Fight with a boy like you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Never mind that!" cried Will, hotly.

"Well, I have no objection, but I should think that your best plan, now that I am overpowered, would be to keep on your way."

"And suppose we do? Will you consent to remain here—not leave this spot—for half an hour after we are gone?" inquired Brian.

"No, I am sure I will not. I shall ride on, and, the moment I see a guard, I shall tell him everything, and head the pursuit after you."

"We must fight," said Will.

"And suppose I should shoot you, boy?"

"Then Brian would give you your freedom all the same."

The Russian looked at Brian.

"Would you?"

"I would do what my friend wished," replied the youth.

"I would inform you that I am a crack shot," said Vosk, twirling his mustache, as he looked keenly at Will.

"And what has that to do with it?" said the latter, fiercely.

"Very well, then; we shall fight," said the Russian.

Brian looked gravely at his friend.

He felt sorry that Will had proposed to fight the other, but the mischief, in his opinion, was now past mending.

"Suppose we try our duel with the sword?" said Vosk, looking hard at Will, as if he thought to intimidate him.

But the boy smiled.

"I would have no objection," he said, "provided I had a sword."

"I can accommodate you," answered Vosk, "as I have a spare weapon at my saddle. When I set out on a long journey, I always take two swords with me."

"Then there will be no trouble in our settling our quarrel," said the boy. "I accept your offer."

The Russian went to his horse, which had halted the moment his foot left it, and procured the weapon, which he presented to Will with a bow.

The blade was a good one.

"I am ready," said the boy.

"And I," answered Vosk, who had picked up his fallen weapon. "I warn you, however, that I have recovered from the sprain caused by my falling. My hand is now as limber as it ever was."

He spoke with an amused sort of smile, which was peculiarly galling to the boy.

"I shall rejoice at it," he answered, dryly.

The two opponents were soon in position.

Vosk had evidently made up his mind to play with his antagonist—to fight with a careless ease, which would provoke his adversary still more.

But the moment Will poised himself and handled his weapon, his surprise was great, for he perceived at once that this boy was master of the sword, and that, so far from his winning an easy victory over the youth, he would have to work hard to prevent the latter from vanquishing him.

The steel clashed, and the two blades were worked rapidly.

Vosk was an excellent swordsman, but he soon perceived that Will was more than a match for him.

Every thrust he made at the boy was parried with cool readiness, and even some difficult manœuvres, of which he trusted the lad would prove ignorant, were met with the same provoking skill, and were rendered useless.

Swifter every moment were the sharp weapons wielded.

Vosk at last became tired of so prolonged an affray, and pressed his opponent with vigor and rapidity.

But Will yielded not an inch of ground. He stood as firm as a rock, still parrying the strokes of the Russian, and now and then dealing blows that the other found it difficult to avoid.

Watching for a favorable chance, Vosk made an unexpected thrust at his opponent, the point of the weapon just pricking the lad's arm.

The next moment, however, the sword of the Russian was dashed from his grasp by a skilful blow from his adversary, and sent spinning through the air.

The point of Will's weapon was at the breast of the officer, but he lowered it.

"Why didn't you thrust?" inquired Vosk. "The victory is yours."

"I am satisfied," said the boy. "I only wanted to humble your pride a little. I have no wish to harm you now."

The Russian bowed.

"Young as you are," he said, "I respect you, so much for your nobleness as for your skill."

"We will now leave you," said Brian. "Come, Will."

The boys mounted their horses and rode off, still guided by Marina, who had been a silent, anxious spectator of the combat.

"There he goes," she said, as the sound of the hoofs of the Russian's horse was heard. "He will inform the guards, and they will be after us."

The party quickened their pace.

Ere long they came to a river lying directly in their path.

This river was a branch of the Amour.

On the bank were a number of people waiting to cross.

Some were mounted, some on foot, and some occupied wagons on two wheels.

The boat upon which they were to sail was merely a broad, clumsy-looking scow, having one mast in the middle containing a large sheet of canvas.

This craft was now being loaded with a variety of miscellaneous goods.

On questioning the captain Marina was informed that it would be three hours at least before the vessel would be ready to sail.

"That is unfortunate," said Will, when she informed the boys of this fact. "The captain may appear before then with a party of guards at his back."

"I wish we could go aboard that schooner," said Brian, pointing to a neat little craft not far off, anchored near the shore.

"Perhaps we can," replied Marina.

"They seem to be making preparations there, to get up anchor," remarked Will.

"I will go and speak to the captain," said Brian, "perhaps he will take us aboard."

"You remain with the yourself understood," said Marina. "I think I had better speak to him."

They walked along the shore until they were nearly opposite the craft, when Brian hailed her. A short man, wearing a sort of naval suit, made his appearance.

"Ahoy!" he answered.

Perceiving that he spoke English, Brian continued.

"Can we hire a passage across the river?"

"This is a government vessel," was the reply.

"I thought so," said Brian, turning to Will.

Then he added, speaking to the sailor:

"I perceive you are getting ready for sailing. You would oblige us by taking us across."

"I may not sail for hours," replied the man. "It depends on when the captain, whom we expect, arrives. If you choose to wait for that you can make your request to him. I have no doubt he will take you over."

"Thank you," said Brian. "That is a neat craft you have there."

"Ay, we captured her from a Frenchman," was the response. "After Captain Vosk took her the government made him a present of her."

"Captain Vosk?" cried Brian.

"Yes, sir; he is our captain. We expect him soon."

The boys exchanged glances.

"Have you a lady aboard that craft?" cried Will, his thoughts at once reverting to Brian's sister.

"A lady? No."

The two friends turned away and walked toward the scow.

"What shall we do now?" said Will. "It will not do to be here when Captain Vosk arrives."

"Come with me," said Marina; "we must find a hiding-place. I know where there is one."

She conducted them to a small, rudely-built hut, about a quarter of a mile from the river.

"Here you must stay until after the schooner sails," she said to the boys.

"But suppose Captain Vosk should come here with a party to arrest us?"

"There is a concealed cave here," said Marina. "It is a place well-known to my father and his band, who have often halted here when pursued by enemies."

She advanced, as she spoke, to the middle of the hut, and, raising a sort of trap-door, revealed a flight of rude steps cut into the rock on which the hut stood.

"But our horses," said Brian; "what are we to do with them?"

"We can lead them down the steps, which conduct to a large cave."

"Meanwhile," said Will, "the window here affords us a view of the river. We can see the schooner and a part of the shore from here."

They had been by the window about an hour, when Marina pointed out a horseman galloping toward the shore, followed by a large party of Cossacks and Bouriaks.

"Ay, there's Captain Vosk," said Will, "with his party to arrest us."

"We can blame the man for doing his duty," said Brian; "but he will look a long time before he finds us."

"Yes, this retreat is known only to my father and his men," said Marina.

They watched Captain Vosk and the Cossacks. The latter rode hither and thither, while the captain was seen to hail his schooner.

Evidently the man aboard told him he had seen the fugitives, and pointed out to him the direction in which they had gone.

Fortunately, the rock on which stood the hut was nearly hidden by trees, so that the sailor had no knowledge of the way taken by the three after he lost sight of them in the grove.

Vosk now said something to the Cossacks, who at once hurried off to the woods.

A minute later a boat was lowered from the schooner and pulled ashore.

The captain stepped into it and was taken aboard the schooner, which soon after got under way, and favored by a fair wind, stood up the river.

"The Russian has done his duty and is satisfied," said Bryan, smiling. "Upon the whole, he is not a bad fellow. We have now only those confounded Cossacks to look out for."

"They will not proceed further than the wood," said Marina. "Not seeing us there, they will think we kept on toward the mountains, and in that direction they will go."

"We will not dare now to venture aboard the scow," said Brian. "I cannot imagine how we are to cross the river."

"We can get a boat," said Marina.

"A boat!"

"Yes; there are many poor boatmen along the river shore who will be glad to pull us across. It will take longer to go in that way, but we can do no better now."

They waited until they had seen the Cossacks and Bouriaks riding far off toward the open country, when they descended the elevation, and keeping amongst the trees, so that they might not be noticed by the people aboard the scow, which was now on its way along the river, they walked about a mile, when they came to a small, rude hut on the bank, near which lay a clumsy, flat-bottomed boat.

By this time the schooner was almost out of sight in the misty distance, and the scow had nearly crossed.

Marina was confronted as she stood near the hut by a dirty-looking Mongol, wearing a pointed hat, a short frock of sheepskin and sheepskin leggins.

She made known her desire to be taken across the river.

The Mongol eyed her keenly, but when she showed him some pieces of gold, his eyes glittered and he walked to his boat without a word.

The party with their horses were soon aboard.

The man unfastened the rope holding his boat, hoisted a sail, and seizing a long oar, which he worked astern, he urged the clumsy craft upon its way.

Just as it gained the middle of the river, a terrific squall burst upon them.

The wind roared and shrieked, and over went the boat, about to capsize.

It would, in fact, have turned up on its side and been swamped but for the prompt action of Will and Brian, who quickly took in the sail.

The boatman was now obliged to keep the craft before the gale, instead of continuing his course for the opposite bank.

The water was tossed up, and the spray swept furiously into the vessel.

On she went, carried by wind and current, with a velocity that astonished the boys.

She had thus made about a league and a half, when all at once an exclamation burst from the lads.

Not a mile off they beheld Captain Vosk's schooner lying to!

For a moment glances of dismay were exchanged, then Brian turned to the boatman.

"There is a small island nearly ahead; can you not beach your boat there and wait for the storm to abate? We are going too far from the place where we wish to land."

The man stared at the speaker, and only shook his head, to show that he did not understand him.

Marina explained to him, and he nodded in the affirmative, at the same time directing the boat toward the little island.

A high rock upon this island screened it from the schooner, but the boys had now little hope of escaping, for they could not doubt that they had already been seen from the Russian's deck.

The boat was running along with great velocity, when suddenly the Mongol was seen to work frantically at the steering-oar.

Not twenty feet ahead of him there was a line of sharp, jutty rocks, toward which the craft had drifted, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary.

Brian and Will, seeing the danger, assisted him, but the united efforts of the trio were in vain.

With a loud crash the forward part of the boat struck upon the edge of the line of rocks and was shoven.

It was, however, whirled past the reef on its way toward the little isle.

Before reaching this it filled, and the frightened horses rearing and springing to one side, it soon rolled over, bottom up!

[To be continued.]

"Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia" was commenced in No. 418.

ADVENTURE WITH AN OCTOPUS.

MR. BEALE, an Englishman, who had gone ashore on one of the Bonin Islands to look for shells, noticed suddenly at his feet an extraordinary-looking animal crawling toward the surf, which it had evidently only just left. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by its efforts but little above the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing him, and made every effort to escape. Mr. Beale endeavored to stop it by pressing on one of its legs with his foot; but, although he used considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times liberated its limb, in spite of all the efforts he could employ on the wet and slippery rocks. He then laid hold, with his hand, of one of the tentacles in which its limbs terminated, and held it firmly, so that it appeared as if the limb would be torn asunder by the united efforts of himself and the creature. He then gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers. This effort it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large, projecting eyes, and, loosening its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon Mr. Beale's arm, and clung to it by means of its suckers with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which could now be seen between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite. A sensation of horror pervaded Mr. Beale's whole frame when he found that this hideous animal had fixed itself so firmly on his arm. Its cold, slimy grasp was extremely sickening; and he called loudly to the captain, who came and released him by first applying his tormentor with the boat-knife, which he accomplished by cutting away portions at a time.

BRYANT'S INDEX EXPURGATORIOUS.

HERE is the list of words the use of which Mr. Bryant prohibited to the writers on the New York *Evening Post*:

Aspirant.	Obituary, for death.
Authoress.	Parties, for persons.
Being done, built, etc.	Pilfered, for informed.
Bogus.	Poetess.
Bagging, for capturing.	Portion, for part.
Balance, for remainder.	Predicate.
Collided.	Progressing.
Commenced, for begun.	Pants, for pantaloons.
Couple, for two.	Quite, prefixed to good, large, etc.
Début.	Realized, for obtained.
Donate and donation.	Reliable, for trustworthy.
Employé.	Republican, for reject, or disown.
Esq.	Retire, for withdraws.
Indorse, for approve.	Role, for part.
Gents, for gentlemen.	Rowdies.
Hon.	Roughs.
Inaugurated, for begun.	Seceeh.
In our midst.	States, for says.
Ignore.	Taboo.
Jeopardize.	Transpire, for occur.
Juvenile, for boy.	To progress.
Jubilant, for rejoicing.	Tragic.
Lady, for wife.	Talented.
Lengthy.	The deceased.
Loafer.	Vicinity, for neighborhood.
Loan or loaned, for lend or lent.	Wall Street slang generally; bulls, bears, long, short, flat, corner, tight, etc.
Located.	
Measurable, for in a measure.	
Ovation.	

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE STORMING OF MONTEREY.

THROUGH the Calle de Monterey, coming from the Bishop's Palace, the troops of General Worth fought their way into the city toward the Grand Plaza, whilst General Taylor advanced on the opposite side, through the captured forts of Teneria and El Diablo to unite the two commands.

This terrible street fight continued until after dark, but it grew desultory when the night fell. The thick darkness was occasionally lighted up by flaming bombs, and the silence by the roar of cannon.

The troops occupied the Plaza de Carne and the tops of the houses, keeping a strict guard upon the movements of the enemy.

The Texan Rangers were picketed in front, and so our friends Walker, Roy, and Tom Meade had the post of danger.

The Mexican forces were concentrated in the Grand Plaza, and Ampudia's army was still greatly superior to General Taylor's in point of numbers.

The morrow must witness still greater carnage, and the most desperate fighting was to be expected.

Major Munroe—whom we met at an early stage of this narrative—had charge of a mortar battery, which had been erected in the cemetery for the purpose of annoying the enemy in the Grand Plaza.

Its bombshells soon provoked a return fire from the foe. Stationed upon the flat roof of a house in the Plaza de Carne, Roy Bellingham and Tom Meade watched the progress of these flaming missiles.

The night was cloudy, and the winds of a foreboding storm freshened on the sultry air. Scattered clouds chased each other through the sky. Below lay the city, wrapped in the drapery of darkness, whose folds covered the dreadful scene of the carnage and ruin of its streets, where lay dead horses, demolished masonry, broken arms, and cast-off accoutrements of soldiers.

Batteries of artillery were drawn up in the plazas, waiting for the coming of daylight to renew the dreadful strife.

Toward the cathedral, confusion and disorder marked the Mexicans' defeat.

Beautiful villas and gardens lay in ruins; the works of art were demolished, and the dead lay on the housetops and in the streets, while the Grand Plaza swarmed with their concentrated forces.

One minute all would be hushed in darkness, and gentle peace seemed to hover over the scene of ruin and strife, and wave her olive branch, as if commanding the contending parties to cease the wild war of bloodshed and devastation; but only for a minute, for the next moment bombshells were crossing each other, as they rose in the heavens to a height of their curve, gleaming through the air like fiery comets, and then bursting with a loud report.

"And this is war!" exclaimed Roy, thoughtfully, deeply moved by the scene.

"You bet it is!" rejoined Tom Meade, who lay at full length on the flat roof, tranquilly smoking a cigar. "If one of those screeching, fiery-tailed fellows should happen to land on this roof, wouldn't he just knock the spots out of us?"

"There is not much danger of that."

"That's lucky!"

There was a cessation of firing from the Mexican battery.

"What's up now?" cried Roy.

"We are—up here!"

"Pshaw! I don't mean that. There's somebody coming from the Grand Plaza."

Tom started to his feet.

"An envoy?"

"No, a flag of truce! My life on it, General Ampudia wants to capitulate!"

"Let him! If he hasn't had enough of fighting in these three days to satisfy him, I have."

"Our boys have hailed the flag; let's hear what the messenger has to say."

They both descended hastily to the street. They found the Mexican officer who bore the flag of truce in the custody of their men.

"I bear a message from General Morales, Governor of the State of New Leon, to your general," he told Roy.

"Then follow me," answered Roy.

Leaving Tom in command of the picket-post, Roy conducted the Mexican officer to General Worth's quarters.

The Mexican gave a written paper to the general, who examined it and then said:

"This is a mistake; this paper is intended for General Taylor, not me, and it is of great importance that he should receive it as speedily as possible. But have shall I get it to him?"

"I will take it!" cried Roy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CAPITULATION.

GENERAL WORTH was pleased by Roy's prompt willingness.

"Have you got a horse, Bellingham?" he said.

"Yes, and a good one, general."

"Near at hand?"

"Yes, general; the horses of our troop are all with Colonel Hays, at the Bishop's Palace."

"So much the better. That you may judge of the importance of your mission, read this communication from General Morales."

General Worth gave the paper to Roy, who read its contents. It contained these words:

"As you are resolved to occupy the place by force of arms, and the Mexican general-in-chief is resolved to defend it at every cost, as his honor and duty requires him to do, thousands of victims, who, from indigence and want, find themselves now in the theatre of war, and who would be uselessly sacrificed, since the right which in all times, and in all countries, humanity extends, as governor of the State and a legitimate representative of the people, I state their case to you, and hope from your civilization and refinement that, whatever may be the event of the present contest, you will issue orders that families shall be respected, or will grant a reasonable time for them to leave the capital."

Roy refolded the paper thoughtfully.

"What do you think of that, Lieutenant Bellingham?" inquired General Worth. "You see that our three days' fighting has been to some purpose. We have driven the enemy, though they outnumbered us two to one, from all their outposts, and surrounded them in such a manner that they must either surrender or evacuate the city."

"Yet the citadel and the Grand Plaza are the strongest defenses of the town, general," answered Roy. "If General Ampudia defends them we shall have harder fighting on the morrow than that we have already done. It appears to me that he is ignorant of this proposition from the Governor of the State."

"That is hard telling. This officer can inform us, probably."

But when the question was put to the officer he professed an entire ignorance on the subject. He had been sent upon his mission by General Morales; that was all he knew, he said.

"Do you think that General Ampudia would capitulate?" asked Roy.

General Worth shook his head doubtfully.

"It is impossible to say what he would do," he answered. "I have an idea that he is something of a boaster. He sees that he is beaten, and may be glad to capitulate if he can march his army out of the city with the honors of war. However, that will be speedily determined when General Taylor has put in communication with General Morales."

"Then I will depart at once."

"Had you not better take a troop of your rangers with you? The open country is filled with parties of lancers and rancheros."

"I shall not, replied Roy, after a moment's consideration. I have a safe-conduct from Padre Jaranita, who is highly respected by these wild rancheros."

"A safe-conduct from Padre Jaranita! Why, where did you get it?"

"It was presented to me by a monk—or, at least, a person who wore the dress of a monk—when I was scouting between Point Isabel and Fort Brown."

"Indeed! Well, that may prove serviceable if you fall into the hands of these rancheros."

"If you will lend me a horse I will go with you," said the Mexican officer."

This proposal surprised Roy.

"You?" he cried.

"Yes; I may be of more service to you than the safe-conduct of Padre Jaranita. I am an aid-de-camp to General Morales, and I can pass any bodies of cavalry we may meet upon the road without interruption. Besides, as by instructions were to place that paper in the hands of the North American commander-in-chief, and, as it appears I have made a mistake, I desire to rectify it, and obey my instructions to the letter."

"A good idea," said General Worth. "You will be company to each other, and you, Lieutenant Bellingham, can introduce the colonel to General Taylor."

They bade adieu to General Worth.

I need not follow them in this nocturnal ride, as no misadventure befell Roy during it.

The message was delivered to General Taylor, who thanked Roy for his promptitude in bringing it to him, and sent an answer back by General Morales to the Governor of New Leon.

General Taylor declined to permit the inhabitants to leave the city, though he promised that the rights of individuals who were not hostile, particularly women and children, should be respected as much as possible in a state of warlike operations.

The advantages achieved by the American arms, he stated, were too decisive to permit of any other terms than the capitulation of the city, and the sooner this was effected the better for those interested.

It was gray daylight when Roy resumed the command of his post in the Plaza de Carne.

General Worth ordered his division to prepare to resume hostile operations, as he was not sure that General Ampudia was acting in concert with the governor in the proposition that had been made.

Suddenly, bugles were heard from the Grand Plaza, sounding a parley. All movements were at once suspended. The fighting ceased, and negotiation commenced for a capitulation.

Ampudia made the best terms he could, marched out of the city, and the victorious army of General Taylor took possession of it.

Roy shared the duty in search of Zella and Feliciana Santmanet, but could gain no tidings of them.

Zella had not waited for the fall of the city. From her secure refuge in the mountain she saw the inevitable doom that awaited it, and Estevan, with a somewhat hardy filial feeling, went into the city and called upon his father.

From him he learned the tidings of the capitulation that was in negotiation, and carried them to Zella.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PADRE AGAPITO.

ZELIA'S band broke up their camp in the mountain and moved in a compact body along the Saltillo road. Being well mounted, they presented a good appearance, and Hartnett, who had been a drill-sergeant in the United States army, had brought the men into a tolerable state of discipline.

Estevan led the van with his rancheros, Hartnett followed with the main body, Zella riding beside him on the sleek mule, dressed in a monk's frock, worn over her Mexican dress, and with the cowl pulled over her head, shading her features from observation; and Ned Graghty brought up the rear with six men, who were armed, like the rangers, with rifle, pistols and bowie-knives.

Zella seriously debated with herself the policy of severing her connection with the band, and joining Roy in Monterey; and she would have done so but for Mary Frank's inopportune appearance.

She knew Richard Eaton so well that she felt confident that he would most lightly abandon his attempt to join Roy, and a suspicion that they had not accompanied Donna Eusebia and Feliciana far upon their road to the city of Mexico, troubled her mind. Where he went Mary Frank would go, for she knew that she had not the same courageous spirit in herself, and reflected bitterly that this trait was lacking in her son, Alverton.

"He is a craven, like his father, Ondow," she told herself. "He is neither a true Alverton nor a Bellingham, although he bears the name of both. Ah, why is he not like Roy?"

She smiled disdainfully as she put this question mentally to herself.

"Why was not Ondow like Leroy?" she continued. "Like father, like son! There are thoroughbreds amongst men as well as horses."

Her busy brain schemed out new plans of action as she rode along. If she encountered Richard Eaton and Mary Frank upon the road, she would force them to go toward Mexico city, even if she had to send an escort with them. Estevan would gladly undertake that office, she thought.

She knew that Ampudia's army would make another stand somewhere near Saltillo. When General Taylor advanced Roy would undoubtedly be amongst the scouts, and then, watching with her band amid the mountain defiles, she might capture him.

Once her prisoner, she would carry him to some secure retreat, beyond the hope of rescue, and his only ransom should be to marry her.

Having come to this conclusion, she threw her head up erect, and a smile of anticipated triumph wreathed her lips.

Presently they came in sight of a posada by the roadside.

"We will stop here awhile at the *Ojo del Toro*, and bait your horses," said Hartnett.

Estevan rode up to Zella, his face glowing with a pleasant excitement.

"They are here, señora!" he cried. "They did not go forward with Donna Eusebia and her nuns."

"Heavens! Eaton and Mary Frank!" exclaimed Zella; and her fair brow wrinkled into an ominous frown.

"Yes, the Señor Americano and your beauteous condo. The innkeeper, Jose Quintero, just told me that they are awaiting an opportunity to enter Monterey, as they expected its capture by General Taylor's army."

"They shall not enter Monterey!" cried Zella, vehemently.

"Why not? Why should you care?" inquired Hartnett, surprised by this exhibition of vehemence.

"It does not suit my purpose," rejoined Zella, curtly. "We must keep them in advance of us."

"But why——"

"Tomaso, leave this matter to me," she interrupted. "I know these people—they are rich Americans. I am interested in their safety. By this time the Mexican army has commenced to evacuate Monterey. Estevan, here, let me give you your instructions."

Hartnett and his men rode up to the door of the posada, but Zella reined in her mule by the roadside, and Estevan checked his horse beside her, listening with respectful attention to what she had to say.

"They will inquire for Colonel Falcon," she said, "and you must tell them that I—that is, Colonel Falcon—be missing, that my horse was shot from under me, and I was seen to fall at the fight by the Hacienda San Jeronimo, in such a way that they will infer that I was killed; and then tell them that they cannot possibly hope to reach Monterey. The least suspicion of their nativity would insure their destruction."

"That is true," returned Estevan; "and I would gladly protect the young lady from such a peril."

Zella smiled.

"The duty I have assigned to you will be a very pleasant one, I have no doubt, Captain Estevan," she continued; "and I place no restrictions upon your making yourself as agreeable as you please to the Señorita Maria."

"Is that her name?"

"Yes; Maria Francesca."

"It is a pretty name."

"As its owner?" she asked, slyly.

"Yes; she is as beautiful as a seraph.

Zella's brow clouded.

"If Roy should see her!" she muttered. "But he shall not—he shall not!"

"What do you say?" asked Estevan, who saw her lips move, but could not distinguish the words that issued from them."

"I? Nothing. I was thinking aloud—that's all. Offer the escort of yourself and men to conduct these Americans to Saltillo; tell them that another battle will speedily be fought; that the Mexicans are gathering in great force, and that General Taylor's army will surely be defeated."

"Do you think so?" inquired Estevan, in a manner that evinced he had some doubt upon the subject.

"So; do not you?"

"I know that a determined effort will be made to dispute his advance beyond Saltillo; but whether it will be successful or not is one of those uncertain events that Fate alone decides."

"Let us hope that Fate will be propitious to the cause of Mexico," she rejoined. "Now go; you know what you have to do. One word more; if my figure attracts their attention, tell them I am called *Padre Agapito*."

"*Padre Agapito?* Good! I will remember," he said, and rode toward the posada.

Zella followed slowly on her ambling mule.

So near Monterey, and determined to enter the city," she muttered. "It is well we passed here at the *Ojo del Toro*, or I might have passed them by, and then all my scheming would have come to naught."

Richard Eaton and Mary Frank both appeared at the door of the posada, when the troop of rancheros and bandits arrived; but when Eaton saw the motley nature of this band, he drew Mary Frank back from the door.

Mary Frank found Milly Meade gazing out of one of the prison-like windows at the throng of horsemen below.

"Oh, have they come to take us?" she cried, apprehensively, as her young mistress entered the room.

"Pshaw! no; what put such an idea as that into your head?" inquired Mary Frank. "It's only Captain Estevan and the rancheros come back."

In five minutes Richard Eaton appeared with Estevan.

Mary Frank greeted the young Mexican cordially. The intelligence that Estevan gave them filled them with surprise, particularly that part which related to Colonel Falcon; for he was the object of their first inquiry, as Zella had suspected would be the case.

"Can she really be killed?" cried Mary Frank, amazedly.

"It looks like it," answered Richard Eaton; "and, all things considered, I think it is a good riddance."

"Oh, guardy, don't say that," expostulated Mary Frank. "It sounds inhuman."

"To you, no doubt; but if you knew all that I know of that unhappy woman, you would think differently."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SANTA ANNA.

"POOR auntie!" exclaimed Mary Frank, shaking her head in a sorrowful manner. "To think that she should come to this strange land, dress herself up as a soldier, and get killed. It's the strangest thing I ever heard of."

Estevan was learning some things that Zella would have him kept in ignorance of.

"Was Colonel Falcon a woman?" he asked.

"Did you not know it?" returned Mary Frank.

"I suspected it, I must confess, but was not sure. And she was your aunt?"

"Yes; my father's sister."

"Ah!" Estevan sniffed again. "The señora colonel is a bit of a romancist," he told himself.

"You say General Taylor has captured Monterey?" inquired Eaton.

"Yes, señor."

"Then what is to prevent us from going there?"

"The Mexican army; it is retreating in this direction, and will be here by morning. You cannot pass through it. The attempt would cost you your lives."

Then Estevan represented the dangers that would have to be encountered, as prompted by Zella, and ended by offering to escort them to a place of safety.

But Richard Eaton accepted the escort of Estevan, and they went with his troop of rancheros from the *Ojo del Toro*.

Richard Eaton was furnished with a horse, but Mary Frank and Milly were mounted upon mules similar to the one that Zella bestrode.

The line of march was taken up in the same order as before, the rancheros being in advance, and Estevan rode beside Mary Frank, constituting himself her especial cavalier.

Zella smiled as she observed his polite assiduity.

"All men worship the rising sun," she murmured. "He was devoted to me until the younger beauty of her face dawned upon his vision. Ah, I am wise to keep her out of Roy's sight. I have her in safe keeping—and Richard Eaton, too! They are both in my power, and they shall not escape me."

Meanwhile Santa Anna surmounted all the difficulties that lay in his way, and emerged from the mountain defiles on the 27th of January, and moved toward Saltillo.

After manœuvering in the valley for three weeks, to bring his army into good condition, he marched to Encarnacion, which he reached on the 20th of February. (To be continued.)

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 661.

A BIBLICAL ALPHABET.

A WAS a traitor hung by the hair—
II. Samuel, xviii. 9.
B was a body built up in the air—
Genesis, xi., 9.
C was a fountain o'erlooking the sea—
I. Kings, xviii., 43—45.
D was a muse buried under a tree—
Genesis, xxv., 8.
E was a first-born, bad from his youth—
Hebrews, xi., 16.
F was a ruler who trembled at truth—
Acts, xxiv., 25.
G was a messenger, sent with good words—
Daniel, ix., 21.
H was a mother loaned to the Lord—
I. Samuel, i., 27—28.
I was a name received at the Lord—
Genesis, xxiii., 20.
J was a shepherd in Arabian land—
Exodus, iii., 1.
K was a place near the desert of sand—
Deuteronomy, i., 19.
L was a pauper begging his bread—
Luke, xvi., 20—21.
M was an idol, an object of dread—
Leviticus, xx., 2—3.
N was an architect ages ago—
Genesis, vi., 13—22.
O was a rampart to keep out the foe—
II. Chronicles, xvi., 2—3.
P was an isle, whence a saint looked above—
Revelations, i., 4—9.
Q was a Christian allusted in love—
Romans, xvi., 24.
R was obscure, yet a mother of Kings—
Matthew, i., 5.
S was a Dancie, who did wonderful things—
Judges, xiv., 5—6.
T was a city that had a stronghold—
II. Samuel, xxiv., 7.
U was a country productive of gold—
Jeremiah, x., 9.
V was a queen whom a king set aside—
Esther, i., 10—22.
Z was a place where a man wished to hide—
Genesis, xix., 1.

Read II. Timothy, iii., 15.

ADVICE TO NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

AN American editor issues the following instructions as to the supplying of manuscript by correspondents: Never write with pen or ink. It is altogether too plain and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printer long enough to do their work. If you are compelled to use ink, never use a blotting-pad. If you drop a blot of ink on the paper, lick it off. The intelligent compositor loves nothing so dearly as to read through the smear this will make across thirty or forty words. Don't punctuate. We prefer to punctuate all manuscript sent us. And don't use capitals. Then we punctuate and capitalize to suit ourselves; and your article, when you see it in print, will astonish even if it doesn't please you. Don't try to write too plainly. It is a sign of plebeian origin and boarding-school breeding. Poor writing is an indication of genius. It is about the only indication of genius that a great many men possess. Scrawl your article with your eyes shut, and make every word as illegible as you can. We get the same price for it from the engraver as though it were covered with oppressive sentences. Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full names of every man, woman and child in the United States, and the merest hint at the name is sufficient. Always write on both sides of the paper, and when you have filled up every page, trail a line up and down every margin, and back to the top of the first page, closing your article by writing the signature just above the date. How we do love to get hold of articles written in this style! And how we should like to get hold of the man who sends them! Just for ten minutes! Only ten! In the woods, with a revolver in our hip pocket! Revenge is sweet! Yum, yum, yum! Lay your paper on the ground when you write, the rougher the ground the better. Coarse brown wrapping-paper is the best for writing your articles on. If you can tear down an old circus poster, and write on the pasty side of it with a pen stick, it will do still better. When your article is completed, crunch your paper in your pocket, and carry it two or three days before sending it. This rubs off all superfluous pencil-marks, and makes it lighter to handle. If you can think of it, lose one page out of the middle of your article. We can easily supply what is missing, and we love to do it. We have nothing else to do.

JOHN RENNIE, THE GREAT ENGINEER.

"HOW do your children employ their leisure time?" is a question we would ask of every parent, and more especially of every mother. Between the ages of seven and fourteen it is customary for children to go to school in the daytime. Public school instruction is usually over at three o'clock in the afternoon. Supposing that the boy or girl go to bed at eight in Winter and nine in Summer, there are two or three good hours of leisure between the closing of school and bedtime. How are these hours employed? We fear in many cases in playing in the street, and in others in idling about, doing mischief, and making home uncomfortable.

Now, if the mother is fond of her home, she will like to have the company of her children in the evenings—she will talk to them about their school, and hear what they can tell her of their lessons.

She and her little girls can do a bit of needlework, and the child who is the best reader can read aloud out of some interesting book. Perhaps the boys like drawing. There is no better evening employment than a pencil affords to a diligent, ingenious boy.

The writer was staying, recently, two evenings with a friend. She has a little boy of between seven and eight years old. The child has not learned to write, but he is so fond of it that he employed himself with a pencil and a book, made of the backs of old letters, in copying little anecdotes and verses that pleased him out of p r i n t e d books; and though, of course, the writing was not good, the words were all rightly spelled, and there can be no doubt that child will be sure, without much trouble, to spell well.

How many great men have been indebted to the kind words and looks of a sympathizing mother inducing them in their childhood to spend their evenings properly?

The great Scottish engineer, John Rennie, is a case in point. He was born in 1761. His father was a small farmer in Haddingtonshire, in Scotland. He was a very quick, observant boy, and when he went to the school of his native place, he was not only diligent while there, but he seems to have employed the hours out of school to good purpose.

One Winter, the bridge that he used to cross on his way to school broke down, and young Rennie had to go around by a more extended route. There is no doubt that he then thought about bridges and their construction (in which he afterward became so famous). But machinery began to interest him, and a thrashing-machine being at work in a building on his new way to school, he took an opportunity of looking at it, and of an evening he would both amuse and employ h i m s e l f drawing bridges and machines, his mother and the female members of the family encouraging the youth by their praises.

No doubt it was a happy home where the future great engineer grew up. And these early attempts of his were an earnest of his future success.

Afterward, John Rennie went to school at Dunbar, and profited so well by his studies, that w h e n the schoolmaster was promoted to a larger school, young Rennie for a time took the management of the Dunbar sch ol.

Without any very great help from masters, he made himself a proficient in drawing machinery and in practical architecture. This was in his leisure time. Whenever he had an opportunity, he attended lectur s on scientific subjects, and always laid up what he heard in his mind, and in after life he found he benefits of his habits of attention. John Rennie commenced his career as a workman under Mr. A. Meikle, a machinist of Rennie's native parish. His first work was in erecting mills, and he soon proved himself as skillful as he was diligent.

When he was nineteen years of age he set out for London, making the journey by slow degrees; for he visited the docks at Liverpool and spent some months in Birmingham, at the works of Messrs. Boulton & Watt, then the largest constructors of steam-engines and the machinery connected with them. All that he saw aided in the development of his active mind, and when afterward he succeeded in establishing himself in London he was soon extensively employed by the great Birmingham firm in all kinds of machinery in which steam is used.

But Rennie's great fame as an engineer is due to the fine stone and iron bridges he constructed. He adorned his native Scotland with many elegant and durable bridges; but in 1811 he was intrusted with the construction of a bridge over the Thames. He completed the work in six years; and when Waterloo Bridge, with its nine elliptical arches and level roadway was completed, it was considered a masterpiece. Southwark, the iron bridge, is another of his works. It spans the Thames with three arches, the centre being a span of two hundred and forty feet.

This distinguished engineer has left monuments of his genius, either in docks, or piers, or bridges, or forts, not only in Great Britain, but in other countries.

The wonderful breakwater in Plymouth Sound, that checks the wild rolling of the waves of the Atlantic, and affords a protection to that magnificent harbor, so that the ships can ride at anchor in safety, is one of the most splendid and useful works ever completed.

It resembles the character of the engineer—perseverance amid great obstacles.

The valuable life of this distinguished man was brought to a close in 1821. He left the design for the present London Bridge, the erection of which was confided to his sons, who completed it in 1831, and one of them received the honor of knighthood, and became Sir John Rennie.

The descendants of Rennie, sons and grandsons, have inherited his talents and are celebrated as engineers. Not only were the great public works of this man a benefit to his country, but the example of his studious youth and his wise employment of leisure time is a valuable legacy. "Each man's life is all men's lesson," is a saying that not merely the young may ponder, but mothers, remembering the childhood of the great and good, must remember that, as the home is, to a great extent the child is.

THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN RENNIE, THE GREAT ENGINEER.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE HEAVY-EYED MAN.

WHEN the Honorable Fitzsham parted company with Bully Mungal he at once turned his footsteps in the direction of the school.

For some time he walked at a great rate.

But, his temper at being cheated evaporating, he began to feel tired.

Perching himself on a milestone by the roadside, he drew out a snowy pocket-handkerchief and wiped his heated brow, saying:

"I've been swindled."

He looked down the road and saw a trap approaching.

It was drawn by a melancholy-looking horse, and driven by a heavy-eyed man, whose figure was enveloped in a huge cloak.

Two boys occupied the back seat.

"Get off that stone!" cried the man to Fitzsham, as he drew in his horse.

The Honorable Fitzsham looked up with no little surprise.

"I'm not in your way, and before I comply with your request you will have to change your tone," he thought.

"Do you hear, there?" said the heavy-eyed man, impatiently.

"Yes, I hear," returned Fitzsham.

"Then why don't you get off, as I told you?" said the heavy-eyed man. "I want to look at the milestone."

"I shall get down just when it suits me," said young Fitzsham, annoyed at the other's roughness. "You are not treating me with proper respect."

"Treat you with proper respect," exclaimed the heavy-eyed man, jumping out of the trap, whip in hand. "I'll treat you to this if you don't mind what you are at. Get out of the way or I'll——"

"Stand back, man! Don't presume to lay your hands on me," said Fitzsham.

"Who are you, boy, that dare talk to me, I should like to know?" retorted the heavy-eyed man, clutching Jonadab fiercely by the wrist.

Then there was heard a whistling sound.

"The man's whip curled round the aristocratic limbs of the Honorable Fitzsham.

With all the blood of his ancestors boiling in his veins the enraged Jonadab dashed his fist into the man's flabby face, shouting:

"Take that, rascal!"

"As he did so he heard a suppressed chuckle from the direction of the trap.

Taken by surprise, the heavy-eyed man put up his hand to feel his swollen nose, and Fitzsham, making the most of the opportunity, immediately put the hedge between himself and his foe.

The owner of the trap abandoned his first intention, which was to clamber over a gate and start in pursuit of Fitzsham.

"Come here, lad," he cried. "I'll give you a ride if you will answer a question, and say no more about your impudence."

But Fitzsham declined the kind invitation.

"If it is all the same to you," he said, "I should prefer to walk. Your company is not good enough."

Returning to his trap, the heavy-eyed man gave his steed a sharp cut over the ears, causing that sorry-looking animal to dart down the road at full speed.

Fitzsham swung himself over a gate and resumed his walk.

The heavy-eyed man's parting glance of deadly malignity had made a deep impression upon him.

He reached the turnpike and found his passage barred by the turnpike-man.

"No, you don't," cried Mr. Belcher, grasping his arm. "I know you."

"What do you mean, fellow?" said Fitzsham, struggling to release himself. "Was the man in the cart a friend of yours?"

"Bless the man in the cart," retorted the discreet old fellow. "I never see a uglier mug nor heard a sharper tongue than his'n. What's he to do with you being out o' bounds?"

"Oh!" said Fitzsham, enlightened. "But I have been for a walk with Bully Mungal."

"Where is he? He's a knowing one, he is," said Mr. Belcher, looking about.

"He will not be long, I dare say," returned Fitzsham, coloring.

"Then, if he won't be long you may as well turn back and meet him," observed Mr. Belcher, "I am paid to see that you boys don't transgress the rules, and I means to stand by them as makes it worth my while."

Fitzsham did not take the hint.

Finding that it was useless to argue with Mr. Belcher he retraced his steps, in the hope of meeting Bully Mungal.

He had repassed the milestone and was coming to a cross-road, when the sound of voices in dispute fell upon his ear and he hastily pressed forward.

Three figures were standing in the cross-road, and Fitzsham listened, unseen, to what was passing.

"Give me back my money," cried the voice of Waspy Will. "It will be the worse for you if you don't. We are two to one; so give it up."

"Shan't!" retorted the Diddler; "money mine—won't be cheated."

"Will you give it up, I say?"

"No."

"Then take that!" cried Waspy Will, aiming a fierce blow at the Diddler with a large knobby stick.

The Diddler, with his usual activity, jumped aside, and the stick descended on Bully Mungal's toe.

"You have crushed my foot!" he yelled, holding the injured member in his hand, and hopping round and round.

Bestowing one grin of derision upon the sufferer, the Diddler rushed at Waspy Will.

"You great vagabond, you, take that!" he cried, hitting him in the waistcoat.

"Oh! I've got it," gasped the Wasp.

The wind was completely taken out of him, and he fell to the ground like a log.

But the Diddler, also losing his equilibrium, fell on top of his prostrate foe.

Waspy Will grappled with him, grunting:

"I've got you."

But wiry as he was, he found himself no match for the Diddler, who was as strong as a young colt.

"No use kicking—can't get up—so keep quiet," cried the Diddler, kneeling on Waspy Will's chest.

"Hit him over the head, Mungal!" cried Waspy Will; "he is getting the best of me."

Bully Mungal, having somewhat recovered himself, snatched up Waspy Will's stick and advanced to do his bidding.

But to his overwhelming astonishment, the stick was suddenly wrenched out of his hand.

Turning, he confronted Fitzsham.

"Coward! do you mean to do murder!" cried Fitzsham.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" said Bully Mungal, with a sneer. "I'll teach you to interfere with my business, you sneak. Look to yourself."

He flew at Fitzsham and bore him to the ground.

The Diddler, seeing that Fitzsham was no match for Bully Mungal, released Waspy and went to his assistance.

Waspy Will rose to his feet, but receiving another sound blow from the Diddler, he, after shaking himself, took to his heels, leaving Bully Mungal to the mercy of the two boys.

The Diddler then stood boldly in front of the bully.

"Well," said Fitzsham, with no little contempt in his voice, "what have you to say for yourself, Mr. Mungal?"

"Nothing," he answered, slowly; "but I suppose you will have a fine tale to tell when we reach home."

"I am not a tale-bearer," said Fitzsham, "nor is the Diddler, unless I am very much mistaken."

"Not he," cried the Diddler; "never! his be—wouldn't do—too much of the gentleman—trust the Diddler—up to snuff—so on."

"A pretty gentleman," retorted Bully Mungal. "A paltry beggar, dependent on the doctor's bounty."

"The wind is very keen," observed Fitzsham, taking the Diddler's arm; "I really feel quite cold at times, Diddler, you've a good fellow, old boy."

Bully Mungal gave a loud, coarse laugh.

He kept pace with Fitzsham and the Diddler, who did not address him again.

"I knew that boy wasn't speaking the truth," cried Mr. Belcher. "You ain't allowed to take"

two of 'em out o' bounds, Mr. Mungal; you know that well enough."

Fitzsham, having been previously instructed by the Diddler, soon appeased Mr. Belcher's anger by tipping him.

"Ha," said the Diddler. "Good boy, good boy. You can pass."

And the boys went on their way.

When they reached the school they found a trap standing before the front entrance.

"The heavy-eyed man!" exclaimed Fitzsham, in astonishment. "I wonder what he is doing here?"

"I say, Fitzsham, what are you talking about?" cried Bully Mungal.

"I have seen that shabby trap and that evil-looking man before, that's all," returned Fitzsham, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"You don't? I do," returned the Diddler.

He went up to the boy and took a small portion of his flesh between his finger and thumb.

"Nice lump here; nice strong pinch; do him good."

"Oh, oh! Am I never to have five minutes' sleep?" said the boy, with a hollow groan.

"Come along, you sweet lump; you are wanted—must take care of the trap," cried the Diddler. "Now, up you go; hoop la!"

The boy allowed himself to be placed on the front seat, and immediately resumed his blissful doze.

The other boys had scarcely time to conceal themselves when the front door was flung open, and the heavy-eyed man stalked down the steps.

Mr. Leadbitter, for such was his name, stared at the boy in utter astonishment.

"Come down, you young welp!" he cried.

But the youth slept on, snoring loudly.

"Oh, you are asleep, are you?" cried the heavy-eyed man, dragging the boy off the box. "Down you go, you heavy lump."

And down he did go, plump on the man, who, turning round, gave him a sound kick, and climbing to his seat in the trap, drove rapidly away, leaving the boy in the mud.

CHAPTER VII.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

THE duties of the day being over, Mr. Waddle had retreated to the bosom of his family, when he was surprised by the announcement that a person of the name of Leadbitter desired to speak with him.

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Mr. Waddle of the dismal page.

Joey Snorter gave it as his opinion that the stranger was the ugliest chap he had ever set eyes on.

"And he has got two boys along with him," he added.

"Then the gentleman's business is at once explained. Snorter, you can go!" cried the doctor, bustling into the library.

Mr. Leadbitter was pacing up and down the room, and the two boys were whispering together.

"Doctor Waddle, I presume?" said the heavy-eyed man.

The doctor bowed.

"I have brought you these two boys," said the stranger, curtly. "One is my son, the other is my ward. Make the best you can of them, and name your own terms. Settle the preliminaries quickly, as I have a long journey before me."

The doctor was too much flurried to ask the stranger from whence he came, or whither he was bound, but hurriedly stated his terms.

Mr. Leadbitter, having paid for a quarter's schooling for his son and ward, gave a short nod and departed, leaving Mr. Waddle to stare at the boys in stupid surprise.

"Really," said the doctor, breaking the rather awkward silence, "this is sharp work. But which of you is Master Leadbitter?"

The elder of the two boys was about to reply to this question when the doctor suddenly darted out of the room.

"Oh—oh—oh!"

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"THE FAT BOY WORE A COCKED HAT, AND A LARGE PAIR OF RAINBOW-HUED TROWSERS HAD BEEN DRAWN OVER HIS HUGE LEGS."

The doctor had heard the bellowing of the unhappy Swags as the heavy-eyed man's foot came in contact with his bloated body.

"That's our friend kicking some of the boys before he gets in his chaise," said the elder boy to his companion, as the door closed on the doctor; "but what did I tell you when we were coming along in the chaise?"

"You said it would be a lark if we changed names, and I called myself by your name—Benny Leadbitter," returned the other, who seemed to be rather afraid of his companion.

"So it will," said the first speaker, who was lean, sallow, and otherwise unprepossessing. "Now, who am I?"

"Tom Ely," said the younger, slowly. "That's my name, but you say I am to call you by it."

"Right," returned the elder. "Don't you forget, that's all."

The reader will understand, always, that the boy addressed as Tom Ely by his schoolfellows is Benny Leadbitter, and vice versa.

"I wonder where Mr. Waddle has gone?" said the so-called Benny Leadbitter, changing the conversation.

"Oh, he can't leave us here all night!" returned Tom.

He made a tour of the room, and after peeping into the doctor's desk, seated himself in the doctor's chair and folded his arms.

Mr. Waddle had opened the front door and pounced upon the unlucky Diddler, who was condoling with Swags, after being kicked by the evil-looking man.

"How dare you stay out until this hour?" exclaimed the doctor to the Diddler. "A pretty example to set my new pupils!"

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—SKETCHES FROM NORWEGIAN LAPLAND.—LAPLAND FISHERMEN OF FINMARK.—SEE PAGE 366.

"Pardon me," cried Fitzsham; "Mungal and myself are quite as much to blame as the Diddler is."

But the doctor, paying to heed to this, bore off the struggling Diddler to receive a thrashing.

"It is only waste of breath to bounce old Waddle," said Mungal, with a grin. "When he feels in a rage he always takes it out of the Diddler in kicks and cuffs."

"Shameful!" cried Fitzsham. "Does the Diddler never think of running away?"

"Where to?" asked Mungal.

This was a poser.

Fitzsham suddenly remembered the events of the evening, and how he had been cheated, so turning his back upon Bully Mungal, marched into the house.

But Bully Mungal followed close upon his heels.

The room in which the boys spent their leisure hours in bad weather, and where they took their meals, was a long, low-roofed apartment, dimly lighted by two small, narrow windows.

Fitzsham stood in the doorway, uncertain whether to advance or not.

"Well," cried Bully Mungal; "are you going to let us pass, or do you mean to stay here all night?" The Honorable Fitzsham hesitated no longer. He boldly walked into the crowded room.

"Hallos!" cried jolly young Pickwick; "where have you been all this time? Have you seen anything of the Diddler?"

"The Diddler is having a little interview with Mr. Waddle!" said Fitzsham.

"I know what that means," returned young Pickwick. "Thwack, thwack, thwack! down on his back. Oh, the doctor has got a strong arm and a strong cane. Never mind, boys; the Diddler will come out alive and kicking."

"Hurrah for the Diddler!" cried the boys in a chorus.

In the room overhead, the Diddler was at that precise moment receiving a sound thrashing.

When the new boy who had assumed the name of Tom Ely heard the sound of footsteps, he quickly vacated the doctor's chair.

"This is the worst boy in the school," cried Mr. Waddle, entering with the reluctant Diddler. "Let his punishment be a warning to you, young gentlemen."

"Thank you, sir," said the Diddler. "Can I be of any further use to you? I feel very nice; all over alike; oh, so nice!"

"Stay!" cried the doctor.

Mr. Waddle's worst pupil paused.

"You can take these two boys down-stairs," said the doctor.

"Come along," cried the eccentric youth; "steep stairs—awkward—very—break your neck—not like t—disagreeable, very."

"I suppose he is mad," said Tom Ely, aloud. "He looks like it."

"Hush," cried Benny Leadbitter; "he might hear you."

"Mad," said the Diddler. "Queer place this—all cracked—all mad as March hares. You'll be like the rest of us soon."

And pausing on the stairs the Diddler drew from his pocket a large pistol, which he cocked, all the while making hideous faces at the new pupil.

Leadbitter, thinking the Diddler meant to murder him, began to cry, and the Diddler mocked him loudly.

"Hold your noise, fool!" cried Tom Ely, as they entered the room in which all the other boys were congregated.

"Fool! Oh, of course you're very wise, but I owe you one," thought the Diddler, with a sly glance at the sallow-faced youth. "Always pay my debts—mind your eye."

"Who is that boy by the window?" asked Benny, indicating Fitzsham, and he crossed to where Jonadab was standing.

"I have seen your face before," he said; "you were the boy on the milestone that stopped our chaise on the road."

Fitzsham nodded.

Until that moment he had forgotten the two boys who had occupied the back seat of the heavy-eyed man's trap.

The last-mentioned personage, then, was merely an ordinary mortal, and his errand had been the commonplace one of bringing his boys to school.

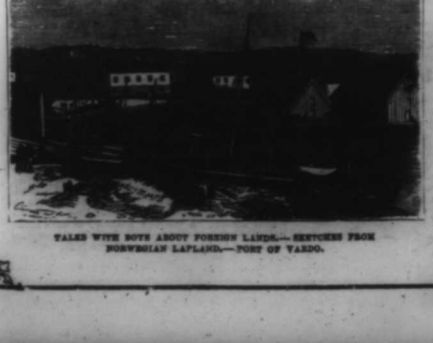
Before ten minutes had elapsed every boy in the school knew that the new-comers were not at all related; that one was Mr. Leadbitter's son and the other his ward—at least, so they thought.

"And a very ugly fellow the ward is," observed jolly young Pickwick.

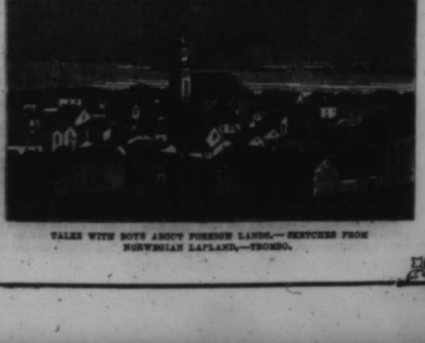
"The other little chap seems half afraid of him, Picky, old boy," said Fitzsham.

This was the general opinion of the boys.

The fat page, Swags, weary of the noise and confusion, had retired to his sleeping apartment, which he shared with the Diddler.



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—SKETCHES FROM NORWEGIAN LAPLAND.—PORT OF VARDO.



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—SKETCHES FROM NORWEGIAN LAPLAND.—TROMSO.

The Diddier was the only one who noticed his absence.

But his quick eye took in everything.

He, too, passed out of the room unobserved.

Quickly making his way up-stairs, he entered the dormitory occupied by the greater number of the boys.

Here he had concealed the delicacies which had been procured in honor of Pickwick's return to school.

The Diddier was hungry after his walk, and the good things were tempting to his appetite.

"Ha, good things waiting for hungry boys to eat them," said the Diddier, grinning. "I'll do as well as any other boy, so here goes."

He could not resist cramming a huge puff into his capacious mouth.

"Ha!" he said to himself, smacking his lips, "this is very nice and cheap enjoyment. Oh, nicey, nicey."

Another, and yet another, went the same way.

The Diddier did not observe how the stock was diminishing.

But he suddenly awoke to the fact that he had cleared off everything, with the exception of the two small tarts.

"What's to be done now?" thought the Diddier, as he sat on the side of young Pickwick's bed nursing his knees and contemplating the two last jam tarts.

A grin passed over his face as he rose, and taking the pastry in his hand, left the dormitory.

He passed several doors, and at length paused before one at the end of the corridor, softly turning the handle.

He entered the room and found the fat page in bed, lying on his back and grunting like a porpoise.

The Diddier bent over the sleeper, and deposited one of the jam tarts in the open mouth of the fat boy, and the other upon the pillow.

He then stole down-stairs, and rejoined his comrades, who had not noticed his absence.

The hour for retiring soon came, and the majority of the boys made for the dormitory in high glee.

"Halloa! look at that boy! What is he going to do?" exclaimed Benny Leadbiter, as the artful Diddier crawled under young Pickwick's bed.

"Going to lie perdu until Joey Snorter has made his rounds, to be sure," said Mossy Morton, to whom the question was addressed.

"Oh, and who's Joey Snorter?" asked Fitzshem.

"Oh, you'll soon find out; but don't undress yourselves," cried Pickwick, as the new boy began to disrobe; "we are going to put our nightshirts over our clothes to-night. You'll soon find out what for."

"Where does the Diddier sleep?" asked Fitzshem.

"He sleeps with the young and tender Swags, the page," said young Pickwick. "The doctor made that arrangement because the Diddier is so thin, and don't mind Swags's snoring."

"Won't the Diddier be missed?" said Fitzshem.

"Oh, no," returned young Pickwick; "Snorter says it makes his head ache to hear Swags snore, and won't go in his room if he can manage it. Hush! here is Joey, boys. Look out!"

The other page slowly entered the room, and taking the two candlesticks, in which a couple of long-wicked candles were flaring away, backed toward the door, with his eyes fixed upon the boys.

"What's he up to? What's he walking like that for?" said Benny.

"You are a chap for asking questions," returned young Pickwick. "The doctor does not allow us to burn candles all night, and it is Joey Snorter's duty to take them away. He walks, like a crab, backward, because he is afraid of being attacked in the rear."

"Look out, Snorter," shouted Mungal; "there's a boy behind you with his foot ready."

Joey Snorter and the candles disappeared.

They could hear his footsteps growing fainter and fainter.

"Look here, where does the ray of light come from?" asked Benny, pointing to a corner of the room.

"Another question, but I'll throw a light upon it," said young Pickwick. "Well, we keep a lighted candle in an empty trunk, and bring it out when the coast is clear."

"You might set fire to the place," cried Benny.

"Oh, we are careful about that," said young Pickwick, leaping out of bed and removing the lighted candle from the box. "Now come forth, Diddier, old boy, and we'll begin our treat."

The Diddier came forth, and the boys gathered round the chest, which was supposed to contain the materials for their feast.

"Out with the grub, old man; we're awfully hungry," cried young Pickwick.

Diddier opened the lid, and suddenly gave a loud cry of alarm.

"What's up, Diddier?" cried young Pickwick.

"Up! Nothing up, it's all down—all gone," said Dick, turning to his friends with a black look upon his face; "there isn't so much as a crumb left."

"That disgusting fat Swags has stolen it, then," said young Pickwick, angrily; "he must have the digestion of an ostrich. I'll make him swallow a pound of nails one of these days."

"Poor Swags, he has got an awful swallow," said the Diddier; "awful appetite—couldn't resist it—don't be hard on him. Expect he'll swallow me some night."

"It is a lark, after all. Poor Swags's inside will suffer," cried Mossy Morton. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you laugh again I'll punch your head," said Tinkle, angrily. "We are not going to take it as a joke—are we, Pickwick?"

"No," said Pickwick; "we ought to go and set on that blessed Swags till he promised never to cut up our feast again. What do you say, boys?"

After some discussion it was decided to take the fat page by surprise, and Pickwick and a select party of boys crept down the corridor.

Swags's evil star was in the ascendant.

At the moment when his chamber-door was opened by the boys, he was sitting up in bed, munching the second jam tart, the first one having gently passed down his throat in his sleep.

Bully Mungal sprang forward and knocked the tart out of his hand.

The candle which the Diddier bore aloft dazzled the fat boy's eyes.

But when he grew accustomed to the light he trembled with alarm.

He saw the boys standing round his bed, and knew that this visit boded him no good.

"What do you want?" he said, faintly. "Have you brought me anything to eat?"

"We have come to ask what you have done with our pastry," said Dick, in a hollow voice.

"I don't know what you are talking about," cried the fat boy, in great trepidation. "I woke up and found a jam tart in my mouth and another on my pillow, and I wasn't going to leave it for the lean Diddier, anyhow."

"You bloated humbug!" cried Dick Sancliff; "you're full of our good things."

"Let's toss him in a blanket," suggested Bully Mungal.

"Hurrah!" cried the boys.

This having been agreed upon, the fat boy, despite his resistance, was deposited in a blanket, the corners being held by the strongest boys in the school.

But they found it impossible effectually to toss such a mass of flesh.

At the first attempt the blanket split in two, and the fat boy fell to the ground, shaking the house from top to bottom.

"Go back to bed, all of you," cried the Diddier; "Waddle will be down on you—quick's the word—off you go—march."

"We can't leave you to bear the blame," said young Pickwick.

"Never mind me—fall on my feet—off you go," cried the Diddier, and he hustled them out of the room and closed the door.

When the boys found themselves shut out in the darkness, they scampered off to the dormitory.

But young Leadbitter stumbled, and before he could right himself, every boy had disappeared.

Leadbitter walked down the corridor.

The closed doors looked very much alike.

He ventured to open one or two.

He was speedily made to understand that he had entered the wrong room, for boots and other missiles were flung at him, and he retreated in great haste.

Benny Leadbitter, thus repulsed, sat down on the stairs.

He gave a start as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

Cautiously peering over the banister, Benny saw Mr. Waddle and his usher in the hall below.

"Really, Mr. Puckle," said the doctor, "it was a most peculiar noise. My wife will have it that some part of the roof has fallen in, and wishes me to make a personal investigation."

"The house is old, and such a thing might happen," observed Mr. Puckle, who always made it a point to agree with his employer.

"Follow me, Mr. Puckle; we will ascertain what is the cause of that dreadful sound."

Mr. Waddle and his assistant began to ascend the stairs.

Benny gave himself up for lost, when a door was suddenly opened, and a friendly hand beckoned to him to enter, which he did with all speed.

Mr. Waddle opened the first door he came to and put in his head.

"Here you are again. I hope you got it all," cried a voice, and the next moment the doctor was drenched with water.

"Boys, boys, what do you mean by this disgraceful conduct?" cried the doctor.

The occupants of the room looked very sheepish.

They attempted to explain that the cold bath had not been intended for the doctor, but for one of their schoolfellows who had tried to enter their room.

"And how dare you presume to take the law into your own hands?" cried Mr. Waddle; receiving no answer, the enraged doctor left the room, saying, "You shall be punished for this."

"If I might make a suggestion——" began Mr. Puckle.

But the angry Waddle waved him off, and he followed meekly in his footsteps.

All dripping as he was, Mr. Waddle entered the fat boy's sleeping apartment.

Swags and the Diddier were lying quietly side by side.

The fat page was awake and rubbing his back.

This was a very suspicious circumstance.

"What was the cause of that terrific noise just now?" said the doctor, fiercely.

"No se?" cried the Diddier, innocently.

The fat boy said nothing.

"Don't do it again, Diddier, or I shall punish you," said Mr. Waddle, thinking that at last he had some one upon whom to vent his indignation.

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Puckle, "surely one boy could not possibly make——"

"Sir!" cried the doctor, turning upon the little man so quickly that he fell back a pace or two, muttering an apology.

"You know best, sir," he said, nervously.

"Then if that is your opinion, why do you interfere with me in the execution of my duty?" said the doctor.

Mr. Puckle hung his head.

"I am sure I meant no harm, sir," he said, deprecatingly.

"What prevents me from kicking you out of the house, you ungrateful young wretch?" How dare you tumble out of bed?" cried the doctor; and renewing his attack upon the Diddier, he trounced him soundly.

Having thus avenged himself for his cold bath and broken rest, he finally departed.

The Diddier could hear him lecturing the unlucky Mr. Puckle for presuming to offer his opinion unasked, all the way down the long passage.

CHAPTER VIII.

SWAGS MAKES A SENSATION.

THE sun shone in at the window with such heat and brilliancy that it awoke the Diddier from a sound sleep at a very early hour in the morning.

But it made little impression upon the fat page, who merely gave a louder snore than usual, and then saying he wanted more jam tarts, rolled over on his back, still asleep.

The Diddier, after stretching himself and giving a yawn, sat up in bed rubbing his eyes.

He was up and dressed long before the first bell rang.

It was the Diddier's duty to awake the fat boy in time to get him down to breakfast.

If he failed to arouse the snoring Swags he, as well as the other delinquent, forfeited his first meal.

"Time to get up, old man," he said, pushing the fat boy.

Swags gave a plunge that made the bedstead creak again.

"Will you wake up, Puffy?" cried the Diddier.

No answer, only a loud snore.

The Diddier, finding that all his efforts to awake the sleeper were of no avail, took up the water-jug and was about to deluge the bed, when he remembered that he had to share it with the fat boy, and altered his mind.

So the Diddier, after giving the fat boy a parting pinch, won't down stairs.

He hoped to be able to get his breakfast without the absence of the fat boy being noticed.

The Diddier nodded to his friends as he sat down at the breakfast-table, and took up a large slice of bread-and-butter.

Unfortunately for the Diddier, Bob Fairfit caught sight of him.

"Where's the sweet and gentle swags?" he said in a stage whisper.

"Mr. Waddle, who was superintending the breakfast-table, looked at the vacant chair by the Diddier's side.

"How dare you leave Swags up-stairs?" said the angry schoolmaster. "Don't presume to enter this room again until the dinner-hour."

The Diddier having no choice, returned to his chamber, vowing vengeance upon the unconscious Swags.

Bob Fairfit, hastily swallowing his breakfast, made some excuse, and hurried after the Diddier.

"I didn't mean to get you into a row, old man," he said. "You are not offended, are you?"

"No," returned the Diddier; "not such a fool—serve Swags out, though—'pon honor."

"And I'll help you do it," said Bob Fairfit. "Let's have some fun. Ha, ha, ha!"

After staying in the fat boy's room for half an hour to arrange their plans, the two boys came out with a grin on their faces, and descended to the schoolroom. The room was full, school being about to commence.

"Where's Swags?" said the doctor, who was sitting behind his huge desk; for Swags, although page boy, received some few lessons in the schoolroom.

"Coming," cried the Diddier; "pulled him up out of bed—hard work—succeeded at last—put him on his feet, and so on."

The boys seated themselves and began conning over their lessons.

The fat boy approached, looking half asleep.

Why did that suppressed titter run through the room as the fat boy made his appearance?

Truly it was a comical sight to see him making his way past his giggling comrades in happy ignorance of the sensation he was making.

The fat boy wore a cocked hat, and a large pair of rainbow-hued trowsers had been drawn over his page livery.

In addition his eyebrows had been corked, while his extremely long upper lip had been adorned by a corked mustache.

More than once the doctor fancied he heard a suppressed laugh, and at last lifted his head in angry astonishment.

But the fat boy having reached his seat, the boys again busied themselves with their lessons, or feigned to do so, and there was no apparent cause for complaint.

The fat boy's extraordinary attire would have escaped the notice of the short-sighted doctor had not Bob Fairfit unwittingly drawn his attention to it by fixing his eyes upon the cocked-hat.

"Dear me, what is it? Can it be Swags?" exclaimed the doctor, half-closing his eyes, to bring the strange object nearer. "Yes, it must be. Swags!"

The bloated youth, hearing his name called, and being but half awake, rose and walked up to the doctor's desk.

The schoolmaster took out his spectacles, and after wiping them carefully placed them upon his learned nose.

Mr. Waddle's astonishment was so great that he gazed at the strange object before him without uttering a word.

Taking advantage of this, the fat boy indulged in forty winks.

"Swags, how dare you behave in such a disgraceful manner?" cried the doctor, suddenly finding his voice. "Speak, sir; what do you mean by entering the room in this outlandish way? Speak, sir."

Swags answered not, for verily he was in the land of nod, not having yet finished his forty winks.

"Not content with sleeping until the breakfast-things have been cleared away," continued Mr. Waddle; "you actually come down here like a monkey at a fair."

The magic sound of breakfast awoke the fat boy, for he was very hungry.

"Where is my breakfast?" he cried, smacking his thick, sausage-like lips, and looking round the room. "I want my breakfast."

"I'll give you all the breakfast you deserve," cried the indignant schoolmaster, jumping off his high stool and snatching up a cane. "Turn round!"

The fat boy innocently obeyed, displaying a huge placard, which was attached to his trowsers.

These were the words that met the eye of the indignant schoolmaster:

"Old Waddle, you starve me, and you have not got pluck to kill a flea."

"We will see about that," said the doctor, grimly.

"Take that, sir!"

"Oh!" cried the fat boy, as he received a cut from the cane, which brought to his remembrance the parting salute of the heavy-eyed man.

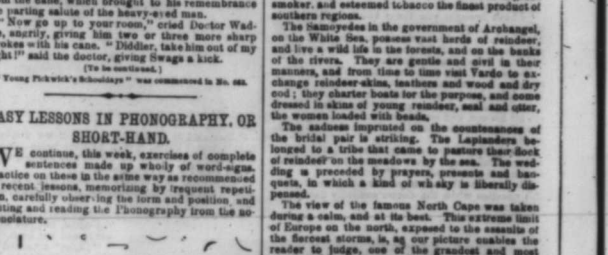
"Now go and to your room," cried Doctor Waddle, angrily, giving him two or three more sharp strokes with his cane. "Diddier, take him out of my sight!" said the doctor, giving Swags a kick.

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 684.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

WE continue, this week, exercises of complete sentences made up wholly of word-signs. Practice on these in the order way as recommended in recent lessons, memorizing by frequent repetition, carefully observing the form and position, and writing and reading the Phonography from the nomenclature.



NOMENCLATURE.

Lets, Dee, Betty[1], We[1], Ken, En[1], (the) Ef, Et, (the) Ged, Petty[1], There[2], Thee[1], Wement[1], En[1], Yes.

Dent, Ith, Yuh, Kent[1], Dee, Kel[1], Ise, Wel, Nerd[1], Petty, Dee, Es, Tees, Smet[1], Kel.

I, Dent, En, Waythee, Yuh, Chetty, Pet[2], Yays, Eno, Em, Tetty[1], Net[1].

Em[1], Ard[1], Wel[1], We[1], Well, Then[1], Yay, Der, Kn[1], Chay[1], Wen, Petty[1], Ar[1], Ber[1], Vled[1], (and) Emp, Ver, Pret.

TRANSLATION.

Let us do all we can in the world for the good of others, though we may not see it.
Do not think you cannot do equally as well.
In order to do so it is somewhat difficult.
I do not know whether you should put yourself under him or not.
My lord, while we were within your dear kingdom, each one of our number valued and improved every opportunity.

Practice on this exercise precisely as recommended in the previous one.

NOMENCLATURE.

Betty[1], Den[2], Pen, Bee[1], (the) Der[1], Bef, We[1], Jen[2], Ked[1], Petty[1], (the) Ker[1], Tees, Hayther, Der, Weh[1], Zee[2], Vee[1], Jeddy, Bel, En[1], En, Mens, Mer, Nen[1], Ner[1], Ven[1], En[1], Ther, En[2].

Let, Ten, Yes[1], Boe, Zet, Zes, Then, Tel, Bee, Ged, Zet, Ise[1].

Tel, Ise[1], Per[1], Bee[1], Lay, Fen[1], Bes.

TRANSLATION.

All had been done by the doctor before we imagined anything of the kind.
It is rather different with those, however, who believe no man's mere opinion, nor even in their own.
Let it ever be as it was; then it will be good as it is. Whatsoever is proper to be will often be.

[To be continued.]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

SKETCHES FROM NORWEGIAN LAPLAND.

HAMMERFEST, the most northerly of Old World ports, sends out yearly her squadrons of hardy fishers and hunters to gather in a harvest amid the icy wastes of Spitsbergen.

These hardy harpooners start in small but stanch and fleet vessels, eight or ten forming a crew, under an experienced captain. The owner of the vessel allows each man a share in the gains and an amount in money. They hunt down seals and walruses, preserving the fat for oil, the fur and the tusks. These animals are either harpooned or shot. Besides these, they kill white bears for their skins, and climb the cliffs to get the eiderdown from the nests of the gulls. Whales abound, but are not disturbed, as the boats are too small.

The Lapland fishermen of Finmark live in tribes, occupying isolated huts scattered along the shores of the Arctic Ocean. They fish on the coast, and seldom penetrate into the interior. The octogenarian photographed for our sketch consented reluctantly. He was highly respected, and all the tribes hearkened to his counsel. He was a great smoker, and esteemed tobacco the finest product of southern regions.

The Kainyedes in the government of Archangel, on the White Sea, possess vast herds of reindeer, and live a wild life in the forests, and on the banks of the rivers. They are gentle and civil in their manners, and from time to time visit Vardo to exchange reindeer-skins, feathers and wood and dry cod; they charter boats for the purpose, and come dressed in skins of young reindeer, seal and otter, the women loaded with beads.

The sadness imprinted on the countenances of the bridal pair is striking. The Lapianders belonged to a tribe that was about to pasture their flock of reindeer on the meadows by the sea. The wedding is preceded by prayers, presents and banquets, in which a kind of whisky is liberally dispensed.

The view of the famous North Cape was taken during a calm, and at its best. This extreme limit of Europe on the north, exposed to the assaults of the fiercest storms, is, as our picture enables the reader to judge, one of the grandest and most awful scenes in nature. There the massive rock bids defiance to the air and the ocean, as a fortress commanding a threatened frontier.

Vardo, a town on Whale Island, where hosts of skeletons are found almost on the surface of the soil, is the last Norwegian fortress near the Russian line. Although more southerly than Hammerfest, the cold is much more intense there. Great quantities of cod are taken here, which extract many vessels to the port for cargoes; the cod are exported especially to Holland, Belgium and Germany. The best cod-liver oil is prepared at Vardo, forming, formerly, a very important branch of trade.

For its latitude Tromsoe, or Tromsoe, is a pretty town; it is the seat of government of the district, has a fine port, extensive commerce, and also fits out vessels for Spitsbergen. The houses are of wood, and are ranged in regular lines along the wide streets. A Catholic mission has been established here, but converts are few, the Norwegians adhering devotedly to the Lutheran faith.

SIX SPLENDID STORIES!

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The Chums of Harvard College,
A Sequel to "ORVILLE AND DAN,"
By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,
Begins in No. 667.

Long Jim, the Scout;
Or,
The Death Valley of the Apaches,
By HENRY R. BRISBANE,
And
Young Pickwick's School-days,
Have just begun.

Minnie's Rescue from the Wilds of Siberia,
Or,
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Roy the Ranger:
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THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

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For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.50
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N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 665.

1. Land-grave. 2. Forest-all, Forestall. 3. Cognomen. 4. R, Bee, Basie, Restive, Elite, Eve, E. 5. March, Arena, Reter, Steer, Harry. 6. China, Glass—Canning, Hovel, Inertia, Nerolff, Assaf. 7. Cocoa; Opset; Celia; Omer; A Tart. 8. Brighton, Paris, Windsor, Berlin, Rome, London. 9. Bail. 10. Cleave, Cave, Save, Vase, Lave.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 655.

1.—M. Kreer, No. 515 North Weil Street, Chicago, Ill.

2.—Frank Troseman, Lock Box No. 4, Alexandria, Va.

3.—J. H. Manning, Ypsilanti, Mich.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—SQUARE WORDS.

A SAILOR'S hail; a goddess; a flower; to guide; to stay.

2.—SQUARE AND DIAMOND.

A common plant; a file and an interjection: a flower; a pointed weapon; regretful. Cut off the corners and give a diamond—A vowel, a serpent, a flower, a vegetable and a consonant.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals read down will give a race
Holding an empire of prominent place;
Finals read down will a subject display
That fills that empire with fear and dismay.

Quick o'er the ground with hasty steps I pass;
This canton seek by Switzer's mountain pass:
Oft repeated you'll find in the Song of the Shirt;
A famous old mountain now bleak and inert.
This east down with sickness will clearly define;
And this a great Moslem of Mohammed's line;
We seek this each morning with hunger-like greed,
So men employ this to print it with speed.

4.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a small house; a boat; a dagger; a reptile and a vowel; a period of time; five hundred.
E. A. D.

5.—METAGRAM.

My whole will be the dawn of day;
Change head, and lost it will display;
If you the head will change again,
You'll see a certain useful grain;
It changed once more, it will produce
An instrument that hunters use;
Change head again, if you take care,
You'll find a part of the verb "to wear."

6.—SEVEN HIDDEN PARTS OF THE BODY.

When the dark mantle grim is cast high o'er earth,
And the sun has retired for the night,
How grand is the prospect of nature at rest!
How calm and sublime is the sight!
Then come, ye sweet songsters who sing of the day,
Do not always cling to the light;
No, seek other theme, and acknowledge there are
Many charms in the stillness of night.

7.—CHARADE.

How joyous are the pleasures of the Spring!
So various and all so good and true!
To hear my second in the bushes sing
With sweeter bliss it doth the heart imbue;
And now my first, both rich and nobly born,
To bowers gay with foliage and bloom
Doth oft repair at eve or dewy morn,
To gather flowers laden with perfume;
While on the blossoms or the leafy spray
Perchance my whole is shining in the sun,
Then spreads its tiny wings and flies away,
As if instinct taught to danger shun.

8.—ENIGMA.

Five brothers are we;
Though gay, we're not free;
We're always at work,
And from it ne'er shirk.
My first seek in sea;
My second in place;
My third will be found
In wind, I'll be bound;
My next is a stone
Will be seen all alone.
If you should endeavor
My fifth to pursue,
I'm sure that ne'er never
Be parted from you.

9.—CHARADE.

Sometimes we like a little first
When we're feeling merry;
But at a whole 'tis out of place,
Dreadfully shocking—very!
For in this second of the world
Strange habits oft prevail;
Though first is glad, yet whole is sad,
And third always in jail.

10.—ENIGMA.

All over the world I am found,
Either on or beneath the ground.
Without me you could never live, I'm sure;
I am a comfort to both rich and poor;
The weary traveler is very fond of me,
As when you've guessed aright you'll see.
Over me people do often go,
Sometimes high, sometimes low,
Perhaps it is no surprise
To have me under before your eyes.
I am of great use to the cook;
I always help to make a brook.
My whole—Hold! no more I'll express
Else I shall make my enigma too easy to guess.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

THE following unique epistle was picked up in the street lately: "Dear Bill.—The reason I didn't tell when yo left me in the post-offis yisterday was because I have a bet on my face, and kant lafi. If I laff she'll bust. But I luv you. Will bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Your luving Kate" till death."

THE PRESIDENT'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER.—Ezekiel Hayes, the great-grandfather of the President, was a successful mechanic in Connecticut, and kept a number of apprentices. It is said that sometimes, like apprentices in all ages, they felt that they had long work and short rations. At one time a new cheese was put on the table whole. It stood for a day or two uncut, Hayes saying at each meal: "That's a nice-looking cheese. It is a pity to cut it!" The boys thought this was growing rather monotonous, and planned to show their sentiments. The blacksmith had one day got a bar of iron nicely heated, and laid it across the anvil to be cut the proper lengths. The boys, with chisels and sledges, were to cut it off. But no hand was raised. Hayes asked why they did not "strike." One of them replied: "That is such a nice bar of iron, it would be a pity to cut it." Hayes quickly saw the point, and shouted, with a laugh: "Strike, boys, strike! the cheese shall be cut!"

A LOCAL lawyer, famous for his wise and candid opinions, was the other day visited by a young lawyer, who explained, "I was admitted two years ago, and I think I know something about law; yet the minute I arise to address a jury I forget all my points and can do nothing. Now, I want to ask if this doesn't show lack of confidence in myself, and how can I overcome it?" The wise lawyer shut his eyes and studied the case for a moment before answering. "My young friend, if it is lack of confidence in yourself it will some day vanish; but if it is lack of brains you had better sell out your office effects and buy a pick-ax and a long-handled shovel." "But how am I to determine?" anxiously asked the young man. "I'd buy the pick-ax anyhow and run the chances!" whispered the aged adviser, as he moved over to the peg for his overcoat.

A SCHOOLBOY asked his father the difference between civilization and barbarism. "It is very simple, my boy," replied paterfamilias. "Civilization kills an enemy with a cannon-ball at six thousand yards; barbarism cuts off his head with a sword-stroke."

THE following beautiful verses are from a poem containing forty-six equally exquisite stanzas, sent us by a lady:

Even yet the immaculate schism
Glimmers on through the ultimate dawn,
And the scintillant isle of the prism,
Ere it falters and fades and is gone,
Harkens hence, while the primal hereafter,
(With fever of a glamourous pain),
Is hushed by the ghost of low laughter
To slumber again.

LET HER BE.—A Detroit mercantile gentleman who was traveling eastward a short time since went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown to his state-room. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door at some little distance, marked 8. Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the next door to his own, marked A, when he discovered a lady passenger combing her toilet, who, upon the stranger's appearance, uttered a loud scream.

"Go away! Go away!" screamed the lady.

"Letter B!" yelled the clerk.

"I am not touching her!" shouted the indignant merchant.

A WORTHY OIL who was out for a day's sport, as literally instructed, had no shooting license, found that, though he caught no game, he was made game of himself. At last a partridge got up, just under his feet. Pop went the gun, but the partridge flew in gallant style over the hedge, only dropping a few feathers by the way. Over leaped our sportsman, expecting to find his prize at the other side. No sign of the bird—nothing but a laborer dragging a plow after him.

"I say," cried the oil, "you have not seen a partridge fall this way, have you?"

"Not the very smallest one, sir."

"It is very odd, for I certainly saw the feathers flying."

"Oh, I saw them, too," quickly responded the man, with a knowing look, "and they flew so well that they carried the flesh with them."

THE scholars in a Binghamton school having been given the dangerous privilege of writing about any person in the room, one little chap was smart enough to get a hit at the teacher in behalf of his fellows in this wise: "Miss —— —— is a small woman, about half as tall as Barnum's giant. She jerks the boys around and thinks she's smart, but she don't get there." The privilege has been rescinded.

THE average boy is not afraid to work. He will labor hard six hours to make a peach-stone ring, the value of which is not over ten cents a bushel; and will carry trunks ten hours a day for a minstrel troupe, for an admission ticket worth twenty-five cents. If the same boy's mother asks him to perform an errand occupying fifteen minutes' time, he growls and growls, and threatens to run away from home and become a pirate.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And then you see, by fate's decree,
(Or rather, nurse's whim),
My brother John got christened me.
And I got christened him.

BOOKSELLER.—"What sort of books do you want, sir?" *Boggs.*—"Oh, such books as a gentleman generally has!" *Bookseller.*—"And how many?" *Boggs.*—"Well, my liberary is twelve by fifteen, and I want it full." *Bookseller.*—"Will you have them bound in Russia or Morocco?" *Boggs.*—"Oh, don't send them so far! Have them bound in London."

A SNOBBY lady of wealth, upon reading in an illustrated newspaper that the citizens of New York were going to erect a statue to Cervantes, exclaimed, "Goodness gracious! what will our Bridies expect next? A statue to servants; they had better raise one to the minxes!"

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ATTACKED BY A MOUNTAIN LION.

THERE is now on exhibition in the Lindell Hotel, Kansas City, the rudely-stuffed hide of a very large and ferocious-looking mountain lion, which was killed a few weeks ago in Hinsdale County, southwest of Pueblo, Col. Mr. H. J. Minor and a partner named Henry Shane were engaged in running a pack-train of burros, or small Mexican asses, over the mountains to the mines in the San Juan country. They had just gone into camp one night in Antelope Park when the lion made its appearance. One of the burros had given out from exhaustion, and had been left standing alone in the snow a short distance from camp.

The animal, although almost unable to move, suddenly gave evidence of great terror and alarm, and commenced to bray. Mr. Shane started out of camp to see what the trouble was. As soon as he left the circle of the camp-fire a large mountain lion sprang upon him from a projecting rock above him and bore him to the earth. His partner, Mr. Minor, saw the animal spring, and called at once to Shane to keep still. The lion stood growling over the prostrate man, with its two forefeet on his breast. Minor dropped the ropes he was engaged in coiling and seized a Winchester rifle and fired. The animal dropped, and Shane scrambled to his feet and assisted in dispatching the ferocious beast. He was hurt slightly about the breast, where the claws had penetrated the clothing. The lion resembles a very large cat, and would measure, perhaps, seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. It is the largest and best specimen of the Rocky Mountain lion species ever brought to Kansas City.

AFRICAN ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

A NUMBER of Wanyoro led the way out of camp to a forest covered with tall grasses like wild oats, and with ordinary-sized shady trees. Mounds of earth, the formation of white ants, were here and there visible. After a time the boughs bore marks as if lightning had struck them, they were broken so wantonly; the grasses underneath were trodden as if they had been passed over by a roller. All the spoors were fresh, so that every moment we expected to see the herd, and not a little excitement prevailed. A low whistle from a sharp-eared Wanyoro made us exchange glances. He had heard the cracking of branches, and soon, sure enough, about three hundred yards distant, in the open grass, were the blue backs of about forty elephants.

I had never seen such a sight, and Speke wished me to have the first shot; but another herd appeared in an opposite direction, and I preferred going alone, with a single follower carrying a spare gun. Here, whichever way we looked, for three-fourths of the horizon, elephants were seen, all grazing quietly, perfect "lords of the forest," and with tails erect, commenced screeching and trumpeting, dreadfully alarmed, not knowing what was taking place. At last, some head wiser than the others took the lead, and off they all scuttled into thicker cover. I ran after them, but the jungle got so dense that there was some fear I should lose my way, as no one was within hail. Returning to more open cover, a female elephant was coming diagonally toward me, and she passed so close that I saw her wink her eye; but the bullet behind the shoulder, though delivered at eleven paces, only frightened her into a bowing amble with her tail half cocked. A low whistle now announced Speke close by. He had been trying their heads as well as shoulders, and had no better luck than myself. The Wanyoro guides joined us, as all the elephants had left, and kept saying to us in compliment, "Weewalah munoongeo m'nyie"—you white men are men. The same compliments on our bravery awaited us on our arrival in camp, where we were

Professor G. B. Goode is studying up the matter, preparatory to a report to the Government. Some of the interesting features of the fish are these: It is found here and there from Spring to Fall in the oceans on our coast lying "asleep," the sailors call it, on the very surface of the water. Nobody on the American coast, as far as reported, ever saw a little swordfish. The smallest, recorded by a correspondent of the *Forest and Stream*, weighed forty-six pounds. They run up to six hundred pounds. The only known breeding-ground is in the Mediterranean. There the same fish are found weighing half a pound; from that they go up to very heavy measurement. It is naturally inferred from this that all our swordfish are Mediterranean products. What mysterious ocean current guides them over here? Or is it an instinct that teaches them that here they will find the mackerel and menhaden that they feed on? One can almost imagine that the game fight and pursuit kept up by these two

ATTACKED BY A MOUNTAIN LION.—HENRY SHANE'S PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN ANTELOPE PARK, COLORADO.

so unconcerned that I walked boldly upright through the grass to a tree which was within fifty yards of twenty of them. It was a beautiful sight; all were mothers with their young; none so large as the Indian breed, but short, stumpy, hardy-looking animals, with small, long, and uniform tusks. The most game point and the most striking about them was the peculiar back set of their enormous ears.

While waiting to get a close shot by their coming nearer me, I looked around for my man with the second rifle. Master Saadee was nowhere; so putting up my Lancaster rifle, and aiming behind the shoulder of an old female with long tusks, I fired; she merely mingled with her comrades, who stood around in stupid alarm. In an absent fit of gazing, I forgot to reload till they were approaching me. I then changed my position to another tree, within thirty yards of a full-sized animal, whose shoulder-blade wrinkles I could trace distinctly, and brought her down on her hind quarters with a small bullet. Up she got, rushed in amongst some others, who, looked upon as wonderful sportsmen for having gone so near elephants. During the night we heard their wild music, first to the west, then to the north, gradually dying away in the distance. The herd had very wisely marched, taking their wounded along with them.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE SWORDFISH.

VISITORS at New London, Block Island, or other of our fishing-ports, says a Connecticut paper, have no doubt noticed that at the end of the bowsprit of the larger-sized fishing-boats there is often an iron cage or frame, so made as to be safe for a man to stand in it. This is the place from which the fisherman throws the harpoon to capture the swordfish; and the swordfish is just now the subject of considerable discussion. Its ways have at least as much mystery as the shad, salmon, herring or any other unaccountable fish that we have.

species starts at Gibraltar and is run to Block Island every day. The swordfish darts upon a school of prey, and by skillful use of its sword wounds that it afterward captures and eats. Until this season nobody ever thought of catching it except by harpoons. This year it has taken the habits of the trawls—bottom lines—of the Cape Ann codfishermen, and many swordfish have been caught in that novel way. What they come up and sleep for is one of the puzzles of their nature. They come and go as the mackerel and menhaden do, and from that it is naturally concluded that they spend their time chasing these small fish. What with sharks, swordfish, porpoises, bluefish, seagulls, eagles and seines, and all the rest after them, the fish of the herring tribes have led such lives of terror that it is no longer a wonder that the movements of any school of them seem always guided by an inherent idiocy. It is less strange of them that they are all the white victims than that being caught by millions yearly they should steadily increase.